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IT'S GOLDWATER!

JUNE 16, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

IKE FOR V.P.?

YES! Says James Jackson Kilpatrick

Also In This Issue:

HAROLD S. TAYLOR ON SLANTING THE NEWS ♦ VICTOR GOLD ON GOVERNOR WALLACE ♦ ROBERT DWYER ON THE GOD AMENDMENT ♦ ALSO MOLNAR, BURNHAM, BUCKLEYS, EVANS, WAGNER, WILLS

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ **James Jackson Kilpatrick** raises the question: All right, Goldwater has won in California and will presumably win the nomination in San Francisco: but what about the problem of electing him President of the United States? The proposal has been made that General Dwight Eisenhower be persuaded to accept the Vice Presidential nomination, to which there have been three objections: 1) *Eisenhower wouldn't dream of accepting.* So what else is new? 2) *Eisenhower is a sort of a Liberal.* Sure: and as such won two landslide victories. All conservatives will vote for Goldwater. The point is to get others to vote for him, too. 3) *The 22nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, taken together with the 12th Amendment, prohibits Eisenhower from running for the Vice Presidency.* It precisely does not, contends Mr. Kilpatrick, who has researched the matter, and gives us now a skilful exposition of the view that if Eisenhower could be prevailed upon to run, nothing in the Constitution would say him nay. Mr. Kilpatrick, the distinguished editor of the *Richmond News Leader,* is a seasoned constitutional analyst, who moreover makes analyses sound like lyric poetry. . . . Mr. **Harold S. Taylor** is with the foreign news desk of the *New York Times,* having previously worked in the financial section. He is, by avocation, a classicist: and he writes with a classicist's concern for syntactical precision. His thoughts, too, are precisely on the mark, as he exposes the great double standard that shields the Ins from the kind of vigilance, and the kind of punishment, that are given to the Outs. . . . **Sir Arnold Lunn** writes engagingly about two marshals he has known well for many years, and in this issue we begin with Lord Dowding. Coming next time: Monty.

→ A superb book section leads off with a thoughtful review of *The Conservative Papers* by **M. Stanton Evans.** . . . . **Sir Shane Leslie** writes amusingly and evocatively about the new biography of Edward the Seventh by Sir Philip Suetonius. . . . **Priscilla Buckley,** who is traveling behind the Iron Curtain at the moment and will soon report on what she sees, reviews a collection of columns advising the love-lorn in Africa, *Tell Me, Josephine.* . . . **Garry Wills,** whose remarkable new book, *Politics and Catholic Freedom,* will be published next week, reviews sympathetically, but finally rejects, a theory of art by the eminent and wonderfully readable Professor Eliseo Vivas, of Northwestern. A very exciting controversy. . . . Professor **Geoffrey Wagner** of C.C.N.Y. marvels that the Mayor's office has not recently been picketed by a committee calling for more sodomy, homosexuality and transvestism in the movies. What is happening, he concludes, "precisely duplicates the technological rat-race" the avant-garde is pleased to contemn. "It's like the new auto models. Lolita being in, Lolitaism is out. This spring lesbianism, next winter incest." But when will the critics dismiss it all for what it is, namely the perverts' hootchy-kootch? →

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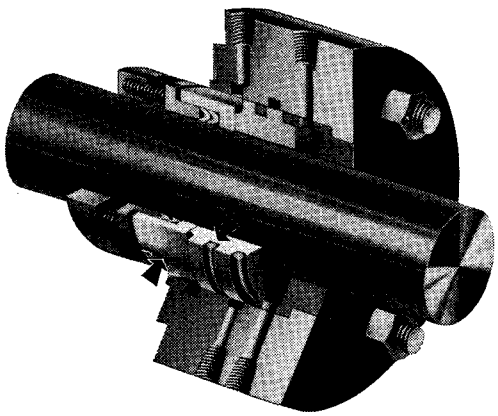

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To the Editor

Honest to God

Congratulations on your new (new to me, anyway) Christian-apologist-with-bite-and-style, The Reverend Harold O. J. Brown. Please, keep him busy.

Having eviscerated the Protestant Chardins [June 2], Dr. Brown is wise to caution Catholics against the temptation to smugness. Some of our bishops and laymen have also learned, belatedly, to wait for that call from the Fund for the Republic . . . if they behave. All this, and ecumenism too!

Dr. Brown's review suggests, indeed, the possibility of a second, *real* ecumenism: among Catholics and Protestants who, while frankly facing their differences, need allies against the common enemy, the anti-Christians within their own churches. Those of us who still bow, quaintly, before a personal God Whose Son became man to save us, had better keep an eye on the dialogue-droppers who seem bent on proving that Ronald Knox's *Reunion All Around* was no satire after all.

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

I fear that in his book review of *Honest to God* in the June 2 issue, Dr. Brown made the right condemnation for the wrong reason. The point is not that Bishop Robinson is a "New" theologian, but that he is an abominably poor one.

He would have us believe that his approach is the only alternative between sterile "supranaturalism" and an equally sterile rationalist humanism. He bases this conclusion on a Christology of remarkably puerile scholarship; two of the more egregious examples of this are his ignorance of the significance of the Christmas story in the light of modern midrashic studies, and his blissful ignorance of the true theological dimensions of the term *Kyrios* (Lord).

Therefore, I feel that Dr. Brown does proponents of the New Theology (especially among Catholics) a great injustice by assuming that its real message is contained in Bishop Robinson's rather pitiful efforts. As a Catholic, I do not feel that the New

(Continued on p. 505)

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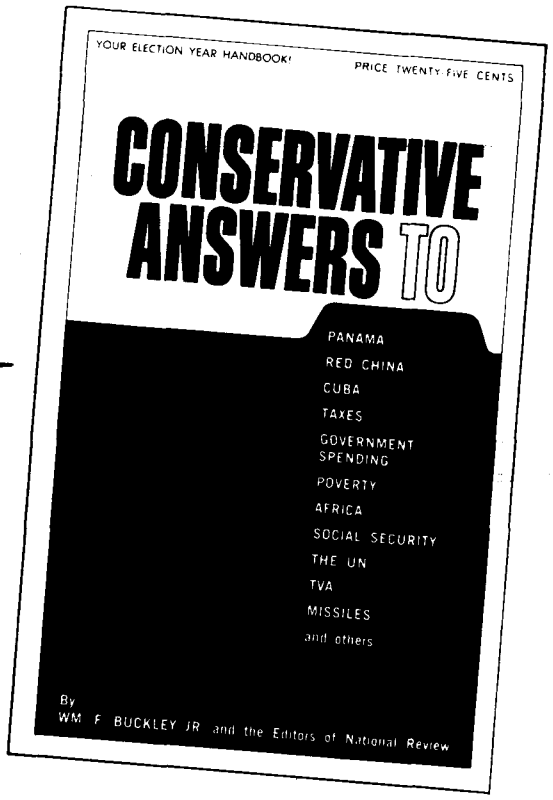

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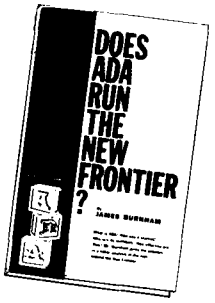

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The WEEK

● You say the Bobby Baker investigation is finished? *Um-hum.* What did you learn? *We learned a good deal.* About what? *About good deals, mainly.* Was it legal? *You'll have to ask the Justice Department.* Have you communicated with the Justice Department? *No, that's the Executive Branch, and we're the Legislative Branch, you know.* Has Justice communicated with the Senate? *Yes.* What said Justice? *Justice says it isn't interested in witch hunts.* Is that because the witches were deported? *That would be for the State Department to answer.* Was any evidence of wrongdoing on the part of United States senators discovered? *The investigation was conducted discreetly, but some areas were uncovered that indicate a need for corrective action on the part of the United States Congress.* Specifically, what? *The problem of poverty.* Anything else? *Say, what is this, a witch hunt?*

● Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, General Taylor and Ambassador (and pre-Oregon candidate) Lodge converged on Hawaii June 1 to discuss the crisis in Southeast Asia (see James Burnham's analysis in this issue). Two days later they winged away again, east and west. The returning statements they made to the press, as well as the comments of President Johnson at his June 2 news conference, indicate that, once more, nothing has been decided about the irrepressible issue: to get in or out. The will of the President, who fully realizes how either choice might wreck his smoothly rolling course toward a November 3 triumph, seems paralyzed. It doesn't seem fair: neither Mao, Khrushchev nor Ho Chi Minh has an election to worry about.

● Although President Johnson tried gamely to give the impression that the U.S. payments problem was licked, thanks to a gold inflow of $132 million in the first four months, he couldn't make it stick. Within days it was announced 1) that the outflow was $35 million in May; 2) that the "inflow" has not been the result of normal trade relations, but was a distribution of gold from the international gold pool, set up to support the dollar especially, and could not be credited to U.S. monetary reserves; 3) that our payments deficit was worse in the first quarter of this year than in the same period a year ago; 4) that it would have been still worse without the wheat sale to the Communist bloc; 5) that our payments deficit will approach $2.5 billion this year; and 6) that much of the gold acquired by the international gold pool is traceable to Soviet distress rather than to Western competence or U.S. monetary health. Publicity campaigns and monetary gimmicks are still no substitute for real corrective action, which must include: 1) reducing foreign aid to what we can afford, 2) raising interest rates to attract short-term capital, and 3) stabilizing our domestic monetary system, and hence our price structure, in order to enhance our competitive ability in foreign trade.

● Twenty Afro-Asian neutralist nations have asked U Thant to delay the opening of the UN General Assembly, scheduled for September under UN rules, until "some time in November"—that is, after the U.S. elections—on the willowy excuse that they've planned a get-together of their own ("Bandung II") in Cairo for October, and don't have more than one man per nation to handle such things, and naturally each nation's sole diplomat can't be in two places at once. The idea is to not raise the problem of UN admission for Communist China when it might complicate the U.S. elections. Official Washington is said to be delighted with the Afro-Asian benignity. All of which suggests that Senator Goldwater and the GOP might make a major campaign issue out of the question: will Johnson accept Red China in the UN?

● An informant, having seen in his favorite magazine (see "Cato," May 5) that the Soviets can make a ton of industrial alcohol from eight tons of wheat (such as the wheat they're buying from the friendly West), writes in this wise of the implication that the Soviets possess unusual chemical wizardry: "The fact that the Soviets can make a ton of industrial alcohol from eight tons of wheat is presented as a great accomplishment. I am informed . . . that as a routine matter American manufacturers have long made 2.5 tons of alcohol out of eight tons of wheat—and that better than that has been achieved in some cases." We hadn't meant to imply anything untoward, and anyway we never touch the stuff.

● The proposal has been made: keep the New York City schools open all year round, in order to increase the educational opportunity of the children of the poor and to give them some alternative to tumbling about the streets playing with bottles and knives. Some months ago Cardinal Cushing of Boston rose above the clamor of demonstrations in his home town to suggest that the schools be kept open at night to provide supervised study for the children and to offer them a bowl of hot soup. The spirit behind both proposals is supremely right, and like all right things it is prudent. For these proposals amount to a repudiation of the system of coercion in public school-

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ing. Let the schools stay open for extra hours, to provide a sanctuary for the studious, a retreat for the civilized, and a helping hand for the sore pressed. The expense would be relatively little; the good would be great, and concentrated upon those who seek it; and the pacification would be ecumenical, because the shoe would then be on the proper foot: *What? You only went to school for the minimum compulsory hours, and stayed away even though further opportunity was offered you? Then do not blame the educational system, good sir!* And the program might even carry itself, dollar-wise (as they say, in dollar-wise circles), because the damage done by vandals would decrease if the schools were kept open, and lighted, and occupied, for a while after sundown.

● Not content to expose the affairs of Arthur Keller, the lush-living executive who glommed $225,000 from Mainbocher, Inc., the District Attorney's office has also blown the cool of every woman with a Mainbocher label in her armoire. Everybody knew, of course, that Mainbocher creations start around $750 "and go up and up and up," but not everybody, least of all husbands, knew about Mainbocher's easy terms, whereby a woman pays half the staggering price out of her egg money and Mainbocher bills the poor, unsuspecting, relatively unstaggered husband for the rest. The scenes *that* bit of news must have provoked! From now on, just feel the goods, dear, or it's back to Ohrbach's.

● Pay-TV is Sylvester Weaver's oasis in Newton Minow's wasteland, but the Citizens' Committee for Free TV, a powerful front for California theater owners, is saying that it is only a mirage. Pay-TV, says the Citizens' Committee, is also anti-democratic, *i.e.* 1) it takes Ed Sullivan out of the mouths of the poor and 2) it uses private wire circuits rather than public airwaves, which being public and being air are the property of the government. The democratic thing to do, and the Citizens' Committee is doing it, is to put a referendum on the ballot in November that would repeal the right of anyone to charge or pay money for television programs in the State of California. By November, of course, viewers in the San Francisco/Los Angeles areas will have had almost four months of Subscription Television, Inc., which—according to President Weaver—will, for a $5 installation fee and an average of $15 a month thereafter, entitle them luxuriously to choose between, say, Laurence Olivier and Leontyne Price *without* commercials, instead of between "Beverly Hillbillies" and "Ben Casey" *with*. Or else switch to Channel C and watch a ball game for no more than the price of a cheap seat at Chavez Ravine. The question is, will the system be allowed to prove itself, or else be allowed to fail, as a business enterprise in the normal way, or will it be politicked off as a campaign issue and marked for destruction at the polls? With a $28,000,000 investment at stake, Weaver's own answer is clear: he has filed a $117-million suit against the theater owners for conspiring to violate antitrust laws. Good for him.

● Robert Oppenheimer, mellowed perhaps by receipt of the $50,000 (tax-free) Fermi Award, reminisced before a Cal Tech audience last month about the good old Los Alamos days. He recalled how the open-hearted Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, proposed that the Western nations hand over all A-bomb secrets to the Soviet Union, so that—as Bohr explained it—the heads of state could sit down in an atmosphere of mutual trust to discuss how to use the nuclear discoveries for peaceful purposes. More than 90 per cent of the scientists in the Manhattan Project—the estimate is Oppenheimer's—strongly supported Bohr's proposal. Roosevelt and Churchill pronounced a harsh veto, and the idea officially died. (How different things might be, Oppenheimer sadly concluded, if the Western leaders had followed Bohr's generous lead!) There were some members of Oppenheimer's audience who asked themselves: is it not likely that some of that intellectually committed 90 per cent were among those who made it so easy for Klaus Fuchs to pick up so many of the atomic secrets, and thus carry out Bohr's plan, one might say, unofficially?

● Celso Furtado, minister without portfolio in the deposed government of President Goulart in Brazil, was not unemployed for very long. Moments after being finished as chief economist for the Goulart regime, he received offers to teach at Harvard, Columbia, and Yale. At H., C., and Y., economists have been preaching the necessity for government inflation at annual rates of between 2% and 5%. The professors are enormously impressed, one gathers, by Mr. Furtado's performance as economic czar, wondering no doubt whether it is the wave of the future to do as Senhor Furtado did. Which was to bring on inflation at the rate of about 150 per cent, until he was so rudely interrupted by the people of Brazil, something that is not likely to happen to him at H., C., or Y., whose alumni are far sleepier than the Brazilian peasantry.

● The reasons why have never been obvious, and still aren't, but it is a fact that Chicago, which is the heart of the American heartland, has for a very long time suffered from the absence of exuberant, let alone creative, conservative activity, leaving the field almost entirely to the Left. Everyone knows, of course, of the exciting intellectual developments

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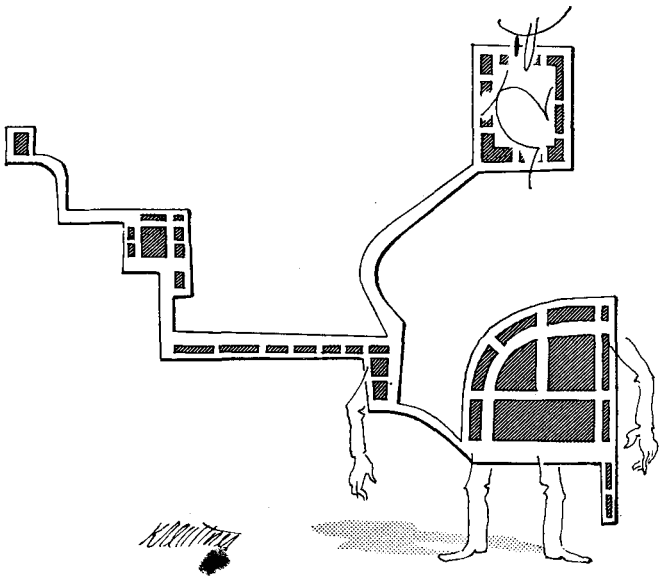
in some quarters of the University of Chicago during the past period. Now a young group is under way which is catching the attention of the city's inert, and may very well wipe the sleep from Chicago's eyes. Those interested in what the Conservative Club of Chicago is up to should drop a line to Room 350, 209 South LaSalle Street.

● We forgot to report in the last issue the successful completion of the IVth Annual McCarthy-Evjue Lecture series at the University of Wisconsin, devoted to a re-examination of the principal myths of anti-McCarthyism—a disease which, like some of the more rampant forms of anti-Semitism, is quite capable of turning otherwise responsible people into blithering idiots (*e.g.* Professor Arnold Toynbee writing for the *New York Times* on "Why I Dislike Western Civilization"—because "it produced Mussolini, Hitler, and McCarthy"). Professor Garry Wills flew out from Johns Hopkins and spoke on the language barrier that has occluded rational discussion on the subject of McCarthy. The boys at the University named the McCarthy-Evjue series after the editor of the *Madison Capital-Times*, Mr. William Evjue, who was among the first and foremost casualties of the aforementioned disease. He sits by in impotent rage every year when the lecture is given, and it scratches on his conscience that Madison's great grandchildren will probably think of the McCarthy-Evjue series as memorial lectures set up by that fighting anti-Communist of yesteryear, William T. Evjue. If only he would start attending the lecture, the boys complain, he might be converted.



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● The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, a contemplative group founded by NATIONAL REVIEW associate Frank Chodorov to help interested students pursue scholarly researches in the philosophy of liberty, and ably led by Mr. Victor Milione, will once again sponsor summer schools featuring the related disciplines—economics, political theory, philosophy and foreign affairs. The schools will be held in late August at C. W. Post College (N.Y.), Lake Forest College (Ill.) and St. Mary's College (Cal.). ISI pays tuition, room, and board. For particulars and an application form, students are invited to write to the nearest ISI office, or to the national headquarters: 629 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania.

● Stig Wennerstrom, the Swedish spy, says he never had any trouble getting his hooks on American military secrets. Nikita Khrushchev, an identified Communist, and Wennerstrom's superior in the Communist conspiracy, says his satellites [lit., in Russian, "fellow travelers"—*s* (with) *put* (path, road) *nik* (person, agent) *i* (plural)] have had no trouble taking photographs of U.S. military installations. So you see what Defense Secretary McNamara is after, don't you? 1) Reduce American military to zero. 2) Then there will be nothing for the Communists to spy upon. 3) Then the Communists will stop spying. 4) Then we shall be at peace.

Reflections on California

. . . It is impolitic to say it, of course, but the fact of the matter is that Senator Goldwater will be nominated by the Republican Party. And it won't be on the second ballot, is our guess, but on the first. The singular importance of California is that the enemy committed all of his reserves. Look about you and ask, what is left? They got Ike to make an unfriendly statement, U Thant to equate a victory for Goldwater with disaster for the world, all the commentators and publicists in town to clamor for Responsible Republicanism, millions of Rockefeller's dollars, distortions galore, the defection of the *Los Angeles Times*. If Rockefeller, Lodge, Nixon, Scranton, Romney, Smith, and Margaret Chase Stassen pooled their resources at this moment, which they won't, they couldn't stop him now. . . . Senator Goldwater, with

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Delegates, anybody? Let's examine the outlying districts, to see what was happening while everyone was watching California. The big news is that Goldwater performed the unprecedented feat of copping a bit of support from the home territory of his major opponent: he got two delegates for sure from New York, and may wind up with two or three more, depending on how toothy and fangy the Goldwater forces want to be about legal investigations of the ballots here and there in Rockydom. And six or eight Goldwater delegates popped out of South Dakota that day, too. In those areas where Goldwater men lost in New York, they were getting 40-45 per cent of the vote, against a solid Rockefeller machine.

◆ As for public opinion polls, we seek truth once again at the final polling place, the precinct ballot box. After California (which is about 90 per cent reported as we go to press), some 3,952,487 votes have been cast in Republican primaries, distributed as follows: 4.5 per cent for Nixon, 5.7 per cent for Scranton, 7.5 per cent for Lodge, 29.6 per cent for Rockefeller, and 52.7 per cent for Goldwater.

◆ Rockefeller, by the way, says he'll back Goldwater only if he (Goldwater) stands on the 1956 and 1960 Republican platforms. Someone should tell Rockefeller you can't turn the clock back.

◆ NBC let the cat out of the bag, along about midnight, saying, "Governor Rockefeller showed surprising strength among the better educated voters." He had been the idiots' delight until then?

◆ Pierre Salinger waltzed home against an open field in the California Democratic senatorial primary, thanks somewhat to a large Negro vote in his favor. But note: Salinger got less than 50 per cent of the total Democratic vote. He may be a weak contender against the popular George Murphy, who gained a spanking majority of the GOP vote in the parallel senatorial primary.

◆ To judge by the raucous meowing in the background at Rockefeller HQ, resources were flowing freely on election night. One television sequence was cut short in order to spare the American public the language that was about to burst upon the nation. Scotch on the Rockies?

◆ The very next day after the California primary, former Bobby Baker impresario Lyndon Johnson convened his brain trust. According to the President's comments on the economic boom in this country, he has sustained a major defeat in his War on Poverty. How about a good ole FDR-type War on Plenty?

◆ Bobby Kennedy remains undecided. He has a family to support.

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characteristic modesty—and just the trace of a twinkle in his eye—insisted on Tuesday night that the victory was not personal, rather that it was a victory for the "mainstream of Republican thought." Sure enough, the commentators began the next morning reading the results in California as nothing more than a personal preference for Goldwater-the-kindly-Westerner-and-family-man *vs.* Rockefeller-the-slick-Easterner-and-wife-snatcher. The fact is the victory was both a personal triumph for Goldwater—a man of lesser integrity would have been felled by the abuse—and a political triumph. Goldwater did more than beat Rockefeller. He beat the field. He did so, moreover, after absorbing the fiercest punishment encountered by any American political figure since Joe McCarthy. Clearly he has caught his second wind. He is off, and running. On the question where *is* the mainstream of contemporary Republicanism, California did the splits—achieving, if one may use the fashionable terminology, a Moderate decision on which is the Moderate Course for the future of the party. Goldwater's lead, of course, is crucial in a winner-take-all system. As the party's nominee, he will force calmer attention to his position than has been given it by the hysteria-ridden who have heretofore acted as though to open their eyes and look at, rather than merely to curse, Senator Goldwater's dream for a better world, is to risk being turned into stone. The courage with which CBS stuck to its computer was a model of professional self-abnegation. The only sadder spectacle than Rockefeller Headquarters was the great transmission room of CBS, where Walter Cronkite, forcing a smile, conceded the defeat of Rockefeller much as if he were conceding the defeat of the Heavenly Hosts. At his side were Theodore White and Lou Harris, authors, respectively, of *The Making of the President* and *The Unmaking of a Pollster*. They took turns weeping, and finally concluded that Rockefeller got the votes of everyone in California who is a Negro, a Jew, a Mexican, and a college graduate, while Goldwater got the votes of every millionaire. Which certainly makes California the land of opportunity! . . . The Californians' refusal to repudiate Goldwater was at least an act of sectional self-assertion of enormous and enduring political and cultural significance. New York, after a bitter contest, appears to have yielded its pre-eminence. The victory may prove to be Pyrrhic, but that often is the case, if only for the time being. The condition of the Negroes, after their

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formal emancipation one hundred years ago, deteriorated in the period immediately ensuing. And Goldwater's victory, which will almost surely result now in a sullen if not mutinous resentment by the Eastern forces, may very well appear empty in November. But its significance transcends an anticipated victory of Johnson in the fall by however great the majority. To begin with, Lyndon Johnson will move right, just as he would have moved left if Rockefeller had been nominated by the Republicans. And secondly, the traces to the East having been broken, the Republican Party will never again be dominated by the editorial writers for the *New York Herald Tribune*. Free at last.

Maccabees and the Mau Mau

April 21—Brooklyn. Coming home from school, a group of Hasidic Jewish schoolchildren between eight and twelve years of age is set upon and beaten by fifty Negro teenagers carrying bottles, sticks and garbage-can covers. May 10—Harlem. Police confirm the existence of the "Blood Brothers," an anti-white hate gang of about thirty Muslim-oriented youths thought to be responsible for the murder of four white persons in Harlem. ("We're concerned that other gangs will start thinking that 'getting whites is the thing to do,'" said police officials. "We're more concerned about that than we are with this group we already know about.") May 27—Brooklyn. Hasidic Jews, naming themselves after the Maccabees of the Bible, form radio-car patrols to protect their community, following repeated beatings and muggings, and the attempted rape, by a Negro, of a rabbi's wife. Two days later a 38-year-old schoolteacher is raped and stabbed to death in the elevator of her apartment building, three blocks from the headquarters of the Maccabees and one mile from her attacker's next victim, a 19-year-old Negro girl whose life, however, he spares, saying: "I don't want to give you what I gave the other one."

And on that same Memorial Day weekend in New York: Twenty Negro teenagers vandalize a subway train, beat, knife and rob passengers. About twenty more run wild through a Staten Island ferryboat, rob and so thoroughly terrorize the ferry concessionaire that she will not press charges, nor will witnesses aid police in identifying her tormentors. And on another subway train four drunken hoodlums threaten the motorman with a meat cleaver. "Are you white or black?" one asks. "I'm white." "Then I'm going to cut your head off."

Some of this horror is the old New York story. The response of the Maccabees, like that of an aroused Manhattan gentleman who is personally offering a $5000 reward for the arrest of Miss Lipsik's killer, is partly that of a citizenry whom the *New York Times* will not let forget Kitty Genovese—murdered one night last March while thirty-eight people, according to the *Times*, looked on and did nothing. Police files are full of just such stories of public indifference to crime, yet: the enormities of recent weeks cannot be shrugged off as life in the big city without a heart. What is happening, or is about to happen—let us face it—is race war. Negroes have attacked and murdered before, just as whites have attacked and murdered Negroes. But never have they done so in a climate of opinion which explains and justifies crime as something to be expected from those who, because of race, have been too frustrated to act decently. The attitude of the City Commission on Human Rights ("a spontaneous reflection of a widespread malaise"), of Roy Wilkins ("bitterness and frustration which all Negroes feel"), of James Farmer ("wipe out the root causes"), of Bayard Rustin ("young people who are uncertain of their future") can only make things worse. By thus belittling one man's crime—the crime, for example, of *that* man in the elevator—it implicitly libels the entire race, makes all Negroes seem perfect patsys waiting upon the white man's convenience, just as racists have always believed they were.

In the inevitable muddle of reaction one thing stands out: between "widespread malaise" and "Kill them!" there is not much to choose. Even preventive police action is confounded by the scale of the war, which is frighteningly large, and the pattern, which is arbitrary. Hasidic Jews have been the victims of the moment. The anti-Semitism of the Black Muslims is well-known. Yet no sooner do you rush reinforcements to Crown Heights than the terror leaps out in another part of the city, or moves along underground; and the knife may be at anyone's throat. The Maccabees, whose Jewish members are spelled on the Sabbath by white and Negro Christian volunteers, may not present the best answer. Anyone can see the dangers that could arise from civilian patrols in every neighborhood. Yet two things are in their favor: 1) by merely maintaining unarmed patrols to report trouble and escort people who must be out late, they stay legal and provide a real service which does not encroach upon police functions; 2) by gathering community interests in a cooperative effort of self-protection they make police-work easier and help

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

A BLUEPRINT FOR GOP VICTORY

THE NEEDY IN AFRICA
by Elspeth Huxley

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strengthen the city against a recurrence of the Genovese type of episode. Conceivably they will make a long, hot city summer pass faster—at least above ground.

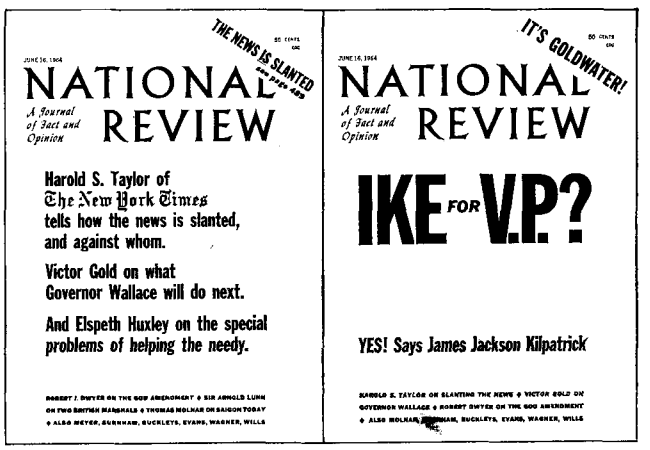
Jawaharlal Nehru, RIP

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru seemed most at ease when emitting grandiose abstractions in the prose style of a Dwight Eisenhower turned metaphysician. His favorite pose was that of Moral Preceptor to Mankind; and this was what a few of us found rather repelling. No one will question Nehru's place among the greatest political figures of the twentieth century, or the magnitude of his achievement in leading his amorphous country into independence and an influential seat among the powers of this world. If his subtle, indirect, and ambiguous policies, domestic and international, are thought of as the opportunistic maneuvers of a shrewd, wily politician seeking to exploit even the weaknesses of his position to get the best possible deals for his country, his faction, his friends and his family, we might dispute the long-run effectiveness of some of the methods he chose, but we could judge him calmly enough. But Nehru wasn't content to let matters rest at a political and strategic level. He not merely exploited a political neutrality between the blocs, but expressed a philosophical neutrality between the moral claims of Communism and the Free World. He was always ready with a public reproof of racial injustice in the United States, but he said nary a word about the genocidal massacre in which Mao Tse-tung slaughtered several times as many victims as died in Hitler's death camps. Nowhere was there a voice more practiced than Nehru's in singing the crimes of imperialism when perpetrated by the West, but he turned an ever-blind eye toward Soviet, Egyptian or Indonesian imperialism, and showed no qualm in ordering his own armies to crush and conquer the people of Goa. Nehru had much to say about Freedom and Peace, but it took many days of indignant pressures from inside his own country before he spoke even the mildest criticism of the Russian tanks in Budapest or the Russian resumption of nuclear testing. The billions he wangled from the West to finance his sloppy socialist schemes, the Western gifts that poured into the task of educating his youth, the American food that has for years been feeding twenty-five million of his people, never interfered with his complacent sneers at "Western materialism." Nor did he see any conflict in begging us for planes and guns for defense against Communist attack in the Himalayas while simultaneously denouncing us for standing against Communist attack in Southeast Asia. It was fitting that he departed with a final (and unsought) contradiction: surrounded in his funeral rites and immolation with all the ceremonies of orthodox Brahmanic Hinduism and the massed shouts of *Nehru amar hai!* ("Nehru, Be Immortal!"), though all his adult life he was a convinced secularist and agnostic.

Notes and Asides

► Be prepared. We go to press, at *NR*, Wednesdays at 5 P.M. But the cover for the magazine goes to press Tuesday at midnight. And the engraving for the cover must be completed by noon Monday. So what to do, on the Monday and Tuesday of the California primary? The answer? Make *two* engravings, of two covers, and plot six alternative inside pages, according to Contingency A (Goldwater wins), and Contingency B (Goldwater loses), including a stiff-upper-lip-boys column by Frank Meyer for Contingency B. At 10:22, when CBS's machine predicted a Goldwater victory, we sat down, confident, with a whole hour and a half to spare before having to give the printer the go-ahead on Cover A. And then . . . the lead began to narrow, and to narrow. At five minutes to midnight, Jim McFadden called the printer and begged for an extra fifteen minutes. *No!* said the printer—a Rockefeller man, obviously. What to do?

Bet on Goldwater, of course. Which we offer as a motto for 1964.


THE NEWS IS SLANTED
NATIONAL REVIEW
A Journal of Fact and Opinion
Harold S. Taylor of The New York Times tells how the news is slanted, and against whom.
Victor Gold on what Governor Wallace will do next.
And Elspeth Huxley on the special problems of helping the needy.
IT'S GOLDWATER!
NATIONAL REVIEW
A Journal of Fact and Opinion
IKE FOR V.P.?
YES! Says James Jackson Kilpatrick

Cover B *Cover A*

► It is our annual privilege to announce the forthcoming lecture trip of Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, one of our most distinguished contributors and cherished colleagues. Dr. K-L's prowess is well known to all who have been so fortunate as to hear him speak, or so unfortunate as to disagree with him on a point at issue; for he has total recall, in nine languages (if the $64,000-Question people had known of his existence, it would not have been necessary to rig the show). Mr. K-L's fluency in other languages

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should not suggest to anyone that his mastery of the English language is other than complete—that is what it is. His speech is colorful, and profound. He spent most of last summer in the Soviet Union (he speaks Russian, of course) and we know of no one who has more interesting things to say on Soviet Man Today, or The Soviet Union Today, two of his lecture topics. He will be in the East from October 5-15, the Middle West from October 16 to November 6; and the West from November 7-30. Don't miss the opportunity to have him speak to your college or club. Write to him at Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

On the Right

Bobby for President?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

There is considerable talk these days on the theme of political irresponsibility, but practically none at all on the single most irresponsible political proposal of the decade, namely, that Robert F. Kennedy should be nominated for the Vice Presidency of the United States.

Buckley

There are a number of reasons why Mr. Kennedy appears to be unqualified to serve as President of the United States, reasons which probably will not dissipate even as he grows older; but it is not these that should now be stressed. His personal failings—a brittleness of character and a shortage of humane intelligence—were described at some length in *Esquire* Magazine over a year ago by Mr. Gore Vidal, who is some sort of relative of Mrs. John Kennedy, and has observed Robert Kennedy for years. These alleged traits of character should be examined if and when Robert Kennedy proposes himself as a Presidential candidate in his own right. Meanwhile, the case against him centers on the indisputable fact of his youth and inexperience, combined with the medical history of Lyndon Johnson. The irresponsibility of the proposal that he be nominated rests on the motive in mind. Some people who make the proposal have in mind to make a sentimental act of obeisance to the memory of JFK. Others have in mind Robert's personal allure among urban voters. Some combine the two. None seems to be motivated by the illusion that he is equipped to act as President. And yet a vote for Robert Kennedy for Vice President is a vote for a man whose chances of accession to the Presidency are much greater than normal.

Just three and a half years ago when President-elect John F. Kennedy announced the appointment of his brother as Attorney General, the *New York Times,* reflecting the reaction of much of the nation, deplored the elevation of a 35-year-old man, one moreover given to high partisanship, to a job that called for extensive judicial experience and the dispassionate pursuit of justice. Not four years later it is being suggested in effect that Mr. Kennedy is ready to serve as President of the United States. How much can even the ablest student learn in just a little over three years? However well it might be said he has discharged his responsibilities as Attorney General, the risk was implicit, and the risk of turning over the Presidency to so young a man is too great to take.

The difficulty of discussions of this kind is that they deal necessarily with morbid subjects and bruise, necessarily, personal feelings. Men of responsibility have commented since the day after President Kennedy's assassination on the necessity to do something to save America from the consequences of the death, by natural or other causes, of President Johnson, which event would cause Speaker John McCormack to become President of the United States. Mr. McCormack, it appears to be the unanimous judgment of those who know him and who take into consideration his great age, is simply not equipped to handle the responsibility of the Presidential office.

But any arrangements to spare the United States at best the embarrassment of his accession, at worst the tragedy of it, would have to be run through Congress. And no one in Congress wants to hurt the kindly Mr. McCormack's feelings; and no one in Congress is anxious to propose legislation whose premise is that Lyndon Johnson is mortal. So nothing gets done.

And nothing is done to stress the point that it is not a part of the homage we owe to a stricken hero to nominate his brother to a position from which he stands a good chance of becoming the President of the United State For one thing no politician wants to criticize a Kennedy nowadays: Robert, and Teddy, are a part of the mystical body, and objects, in American politics, not of discussion but of veneration. For another it is, once again, considered uncouth for any discussion to proceed with explicit reference to Lyndon Johnson's medical record.

Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce wondered out loud the other day what would happen if Jackie Kennedy, standing up to get her ovation at the Democratic Convention, should say, instead of "Thank you, thank you, ladies and gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart"—"I nominate Robert F. Kennedy for Vice President of the United States." The Convention delegates would go mad.

So might their countrymen a few months later, surveying the wreckage. (Talk about the face that launched a thousand ships, talk about burning the topless towers of Ilium!) It would probably be to risk political suicide for any Democrat to say what needs to be said at this moment to restrain the ambitions of Mr. Kennedy: which is why the burden for speaking the truth falls so heavily on non-politicians and non-Democrats.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Conventional War

► Waiting in the wings in Washington is the Poverty Package. It has now assumed what the Administration hopes will be its approximate legislative shape, but any action on it must wait for the departure of the civil rights farce from the limelight. The civil rights bill and the war on poverty will provide the political punch for LBJ in the fall.

The omnibus bill has been developed under the guiding hand of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell, vagabond chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. With the help of Sargent Shriver's new poor corps, the Department of Labor and HEW—and a lockout of Republican committee members—Powell and his staff have completed drafts of a six-title bill. It is euphemistically titled the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964.

Title I—the youth program—outlines the job corps, the work-training programs and the work-study programs. It creates the much-heralded domestic peace corps, the Volunteers of America. Titles II and VI are community and family action programs, which will continue to be controlled and financed by HEW. Title IV is supposed to attack the unemployment problem by extending federal loans to small businesses.

The guts of the package, most observers agree, will be Title III, designed to alleviate critical poverty conditions in rural areas. It provides that every farm family certified "needy" by federal poverty agents will be eligible for a *grant* of $1500 per year to a) acquire or improve real estate; b) operate or "improve" the operation of farms; c) participate in farm co-ops; or d) finance many "non-farm enterprises," such as recreational areas. This handout is virtually guaranteed to all farm families below the Certified Poverty Line of $3,000 annual income.

Republicans, reluctant to acquiesce in this huge election-year give-away, are delivering daily reports on the scope of the existing welfare programs. Programs now operating cost nearly $40 billion per year, exclusive of state, local and private efforts.

Some few Republicans have decided to join the war on poverty with their own battle plan. Chief among them is Rep. Peter Frelinghuysen (R., N.J.), who has offered a plan that would require states to submit anti-poverty plans to HEW for approval (*i.e.*, create no new federal agency), and specifies that participating states must match federal funds one-third and one-half, respectively, in the second and third year of operation. A few other Republican congressmen have recently warmed to unexpected help from Sen. Hubert Humphrey, who suggested that Indian reservations—severe poverty pockets—be made pilot projects for the various anti-poverty schemes. In any case, the poverty bandwagon cannot be stopped, as things look now.

Party Irregularity

► The whirl of primary politicking obscured an important House vote on foreign trade last week. In a rerun of last Christmas Eve's dramatic wheat deal vote, the House again sustained LBJ on extension of credit to the Soviet Union for the purchase of U.S. agricultural commodities.

The House was considering the FY '65 appropriation for the Department of Agriculture when Rep. Frank Bow (R., O.) made a motion to recommit the appropriation bill to committee with instructions that it emerge with the following amendment: "Provided further that no part of the funds provided herein appropriated shall be available for any expense incident to making export payments or export subsidies on any agricultural commodities being sold or sold to the government of any Communist country. . . ."

Both sides of the aisle scurried to collect their troops for the showdown vote on credit sales to Russia. In a tense roll call, the motion was defeated by one vote, 186 to 187. The vote closely followed party lines. The 161 Republicans voting divided 156 to 5 in favor of their colleague's motion. The five Republicans, each of whom in effect cast the deciding vote in favor of the Administration's position, were Reps. Andrews (N. D.), Frelinghuysen (N.J.), Lindsay (N.Y.), Maillard (Calif.) and Mathias (Md.).

Sandman

► The man on whom the civil rights forces have heavily depended, Rep. William McCulloch, is beginning to play it cute. He is basking in the constant solicitude of the Justice Department and the Senate leadership.

The Senate gossip is that McCulloch demands a strong civil rights bill, and he cannot ask his Republican colleagues in the House to "walk the plank" if the Senate waters down the bill. The argument generates considerable power in the Senate, for without McCulloch the bipartisan civil rights coalition in the House would quickly dissolve.

Through last week, McCulloch had played his role straight, warning sternly against mollifying amendments. Then his act crumbled, and with it the tactical position of the Senate leadership. First, said McCulloch, action on the civil rights bill by early July would be the "most we can hope for." This statement followed hard upon Sen. Humphrey's prediction that the Senate would invoke cloture by June 10. Second, said McCulloch, the House "would be reluctant to accept" an emasculated bill. This statement preceded by hours the Senate leadership's contention that McCulloch's House forces would reject out of hand any softening modifications. Then, in a television interview, McCulloch gave his view on civil rights demonstrations: "I think that the demonstrations are regrettable. . . . They were hurtful in Ohio; the demonstrations in Cleveland, the demonstrations in Yellow Springs, Ohio, which is only about 70 miles from my home, as well as the demonstrations in Dayton. . . . I think the climate has changed" since the House passed the bill. —CATO

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The Ike Plan Cometh

Nothing in the Constitution, says a student of that forgotten document, stands in the way of nominating Mr. Eisenhower for Vice President on the Republican ticket

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Off and on, over the past eight months of political speculation, an appealing idea repeatedly has raised its pretty head: Let Mr. Eisenhower be urged to come out of retirement at Gettysburg, and accept a Vice Presidential nomination on the Republican ticket.

Every time the idea has popped up, some scornful fellow has come along to lop it off. Arthur Krock timidly watered this posy in a column last October, only to have an unfriendly lawyer tread it underfoot two days later. Mr. Buckley, of NATIONAL REVIEW, generally is regarded as father to the plan; but it is widely said that he has here sired an illegitimate child. I myself modestly advanced the thought not long ago in my own editorial columns, only to be shelled to cover by local students of the Constitution.

Nevertheless, the idea persists. It will not go away. My purpose here is to argue that neither the letter nor the spirit of the Constitution bars Mr. Eisenhower from seeking election as Vice President. In my own view, the obstacles to the plan are not constitutional; they are personal and political. If Mr. Eisenhower could be persuaded to make himself available, and if the public did not react adversely to what the Democrats would denounce as an end run around the 22nd Amendment, the plan could prove a ten-strike for the Republican Party. In any event, while the idea may be visionary and excessively optimistic, it is not, as the chastened Mr. Krock once termed it, a foolish idea. It merits serious thought.

Two provisions of the Constitution must be examined. The first of these is the 12th Amendment, adopted in the fall of 1804. The other is the 22nd Amendment, adopted in March of 1951. If we are to follow what Professor Cooley described as the polestar of constitutional construction, we must look to the intention of both these amendments.

The Twelfth was a consequence of the imbroglio that developed in the election of 1800. At that time, the Constitution directed the Presidential electors to meet in their respective states and vote by ballot simply for "two persons." The person having the greatest number of votes was to be President; and after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes was to become Vice President. Jefferson and Burr, as every schoolboy knows, wound up with equal votes. The election was thrown into the House, where with Hamilton's help Jefferson was chosen.

The Congress, in December of 1803, set out to remedy the confusion by submitting the proposed 12th Amendment to the states. In less than eight months (no constitutional amendment ever has been ratified more swiftly), the Twelfth was a part of the law of the land. This new amendment was not a rewriting or a wholesale revision of the Constitution's original Article II. It reaffirmed all of the provisions and machinery of the original design, but made it clear that the electors were to cast "distinct ballots" for President and Vice President. The purpose was to remove the ambiguity of an electoral vote for "two persons" by emphasizing the separate character of the two offices. At the very end of the Twelfth, the framers added the sentence that concerns us here. It should be kept in mind for the discussion that follows: "No person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President," says the 12th Amendment, "shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States."

Again and Again

Time passed. In 1932, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected President; he was elected again in 1936. And then, to the consternation of many Americans who believed in the inviolability of George Washington's two-term tradition, he was elected again and again. Mr. Roosevelt died in April of 1945. Mr. Truman took over. And some eighteen months later, in the general elections of 1946, a resurgent Republican Party claimed control of the upcoming 80th Congress.

This chronology may be elementary, but it is important to any fair understanding of the intention of the 22nd Amendment. For the Republican majorities made it their first piece of business to prevent repetition of the example of the despised FDR. Just as the 12th Amendment had been prompted by a specific event in political history, the tie between Jefferson and Burr, so the Twenty-second was prompted by a specific event in political history—the election of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency for four consecutive terms.

There should be no question of the importance of Mr. Roosevelt in this history. A few of the Republican pro-

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ponents piously denied any spirit of vengeance upon FDR's departed shade. Karl Mundt, who was then serving in the House, was more honest. The proposed amendment, he said, was made necessary only by the action of a man who "refused to vacate the office at the conclusion of two terms, but used the great powers of the Presidency to perpetuate himself in office." John Jennings of Tennessee was equally candid: "We have had four terms of the gentleman around whom this debate revolves." The aging Adolph Sabath of Illinois was close to tears. He denounced the Republicans for seeking "a pitiful victory over the great man now sleeping on the banks of the Hudson." A dozen other speakers referred to the amendment repeatedly as "the anti-Roosevelt resolution."

F. D. R.

In any event, the Republicans went at their task with vigor. They were scarcely even seemly. A dozen "two-term" resolutions, all having the same general purpose of constitutional amendment, were dropped in the hopper as soon as the 80th Congress organized in January of 1947. The vehicle ultimately to be chosen was House Joint Resolution 27, sponsored by Earl C. Michener of Michigan, new chairman of House Judiciary. In its original form (and this chronology also is important to the argument), the resolution read this way:

"No person shall be chosen or serve as President of the United States for any term, *or be eligible to hold the office of President* during any term, if such person shall have theretofore served as President during the whole or any part of each of any two separate terms."

If the italicized language had been retained, the idea of drafting Mr. Eisenhower as a Vice Presidential nominee in 1964 could not be defended. But Mr. Michener's language was not retained.

The resolution went to a subcommittee and emerged, rewritten, almost as fast as it went in. The revised version, scrawled out in pencil by an unidentified author, also would have eliminated Mr. Eisenhower today. It read: "Any person who has served as President of the United States during all or portions of any two terms shall thereafter be *ineligible to hold the office* of President."

In this form the committee substitute was reported to the floor of the House. The accompanying committee report (House Report 17) is astoundingly brief; it reflects the haste with which the whole business was rushed through the Congress. Nine members filed minority views. These were equally brief. The notable point, for our purposes, is that all of the committee members were concerned with the recent example of Mr. Roosevelt; none of them evidenced the slightest awareness of contingencies that one day might appear to rise under that final sentence of the 12th Amendment.

House Debate

The substitute resolution promptly cleared Rules, and reached the floor of the House for two hours' debate on Feb. 6, 1947. A careful reading of the debate makes one fact abundantly clear: Both the proponents and opponents were thinking of one situation only—the re-election, *as President,* of a man who had just completed two terms in that office.

John McCormack, opposing the resolution, spoke of the possible urgency "that a second-term President continue." Emanuel Celler, who was agreeable to an amendment fixing a single six-year term, acknowledged the evils of a situation in which an incumbent President is affected by ambition for continued re-election. Albert Gore described the problem as "the continued service as President of a particular man." James Dolliver of Iowa said the amendment's object was "to say that no man shall be permitted to perpetuate himself in the Presidential office." Edward McCowen of Ohio said the aim was "to prevent dictatorship." Everett Dirksen, who like Celler favored the six-year single term, said the object was "to repair a shattered political tradition." Estes Kefauver, opposing the resolution, pleaded for the people's right "to continue a man in the office of President." This was the important thing—the continuance of a President, as President, beyond two terms.

The Senate's Version

The House rejected two floor amendments to the resolution, one to write in the six-year plan and the other to require ratification by state conventions rather than by state legislatures, and by a vote of 285-121 sent the committee substitute on to the Senate.

There the story, in essence, was repeated. The Senate Judiciary Committee took up the resolution, immediately, and within two weeks, sent its own substitute version to the floor. There were no hearings. The committee report (Senate Report 34) was as terse as its counterpart in the House. The new version read:

"Any person who has held the office of President, or acted as President, on 365 days or more in each of two terms shall not be *eligible to hold the office of President,* or to act as President, for any part of another term."

It will be seen that this Senate committee substitute, if it had been approved, also would have knocked out the Eisenhower plan of 1964. It too went by the boards.

On March 5, Senator Wiley, chairman of Senate Judiciary, explained the committee's purpose in thus rewriting the House version. It was primarily to take into account the language in Article II of the Constitution that relates to a Vice President's "acting" as President. The object also was to fix a limit of five to eight years on the continuous service of a single man. More broadly, he said, the proposed language "provides a vehicle by which the people may make their choice—to place a reasonable restriction on the possibility of an executive dynasty, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, to reserve the right to continue in office a particular person under particular circumstances."

Mr. Wiley went on to enumerate the sponsors' objectives more specifi-

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cally: To put into the Constitution the custom "against a third term," to avoid the dangers of dictatorship, to banish the temptation for a President to seek a third term, to relieve political parties of embarrassment, and to assure new blood in the Presidential office. Longtime continuance in office, he said, is "not compatible with republican government."

In the fashion of such things, debate in the Senate was more leisurely than consideration in the House. On March 7, Senators Hill, Lucas and Barkley spoke against the resolution. Mr. Hill felt the people should have a right "to continue a man in the Presidency." Mr. Lucas thought the proposal too rigid a restriction upon the choice of a free electorate. To Mr. Barkley, the "only question" was "how long a President may continue in office."

Brass Tacks

On the afternoon of Monday, March 10, Senator Magnuson proposed a simple substitute for the committee version: "No person shall be elected to the office of President more than twice."

"We might as well get down to brass tacks," he said. "This joint resolution was submitted by those who are anxious to have it passed, as I understand their position, solely because of their objection to a man who deliberately sought and obtained the office of President, using his office during the course of two terms in an effort to perpetuate himself in office."

Senator Tydings concurred: "What we are trying to do is to stop any man from being elected President more than twice." Senator Wiley, chief patron of the resolution, was in complete accord with Magnuson's brass-tacks exposition of the issue: "The object is to provide that anyone who has occupied the office of President of the United States during all, or portions, of any two terms, shall therefore be ineligible to serve in that office *in a succeeding term.*"

A recess followed in the Senate debate. Senator Taft, assuming floor leadership, liked the forthrightness of the Magnuson proposal, but felt some refinements were necessary. On March 12, after obtaining agreements all around the floor, Mr. Taft proposed his own floor amendment in the nature of a substitute. This embodied the language that ultimately was to be approved in the Congress and ratified by the states as the 22nd Amendment:

"No person shall be elected to the office of President more than twice, and no person who has held the office of President, or acted as President, for more than two years of a term for which some other person was elected President shall be elected to the office of President more than once."

At this point a mild controversy developed between the Magnuson substitute and the Taft substitute. In fairness, this conflict must be reported here, though a part of the debate may be cited against the position I am taking. Senator Smathers, getting into the act, remarked that the principal object of the proposed amendment was to write "the Washington tradition" into the supreme law—that is, the tradition against "a man's being elected President for more than two successive terms." He wondered if the Magnuson substitute could be made to read more precisely that "No person shall be elected to the office of President for more than two successive terms." The change was agreeable to Senator Magnuson; after all, there was no question that such was the purpose in everyone's mind, "to prevent the evil of a man's deliberately using his office to be re-elected by the people for many successive terms."

After some further debate, dealing chiefly with the maximum number of years a man might serve as President under the various versions, Mr. Magnuson's substitute was voted down 50-34. Another floor amendment, offered by Senator Langer, proposing Presidential primaries in addition to a two-term limit, died 66-14. Pappy O'Daniel, tongue-in-cheek, proposed a substitute that also would have limited members of the House and Senate to two terms; it died ingloriously, 82-1. The Taft substitute then was accepted 59-23. On March 21, the House agreed to the Senate version, and the resolution went out to the states. Eighteen states ratified within the next two months, but then a hiatus set in and it was not until almost four years after submission that Minnesota became the necessary thirty-sixth state to ratify.

Taft

What Determines Eligibility

Reading this over, I have the uneasy feeling that I may have written a penguin essay. This is perhaps more about the 22nd Amendment than any reader really wants to know. But this much background is necessary, or so it seems to me, to understand that neither the old 12th Amendment, nor the newer 22nd Amendment, ever was ratified with the idea of a Vice President Ike Eisenhower in mind. Arthur Krock remarked, in his column of repentance, that to run Ike for Vice President would be regarded in some quarters as a violation of "the intent" of the Twenty-second. Plainly, such an action ought not to be regarded as any such thing.

Notice carefully what the 12th Amendment says: It says that no person constitutionally eligible *to the office of President* shall be ineligible to that of Vice President. Mr. Eisenhower is not ineligible "to the office of President." He is ineligible to be *elected* to the office of President, and this is a very different thing.

Eligibility, under the Twelfth Amendment, has to do with the provisions of the original Article II of 1788. A prospective President must be native born, at least 35 years of age, and 14 years a resident within the United States. These are the criteria that determine whether one is "eligible to the office of President." Mr. Michener's original HJR 27, the House committee substitute, and the Senate committee substitute — all three — spoke of eligibility to the office. But all three of these were discarded in

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favor of the Taft substitute that begins with Senator Magnuson's clarifying line: "No person shall be *elected* to the office of President more than twice." This was what the framers of the amendment had in mind—the repeated, successive elections of a President to the office of President. The question of eligibility, as such, is not reached by the 22nd Amendment at all.

Let us get at the point by a shortcut. Suppose that Mr. Eisenhower were to be elected to the House as Representative from the 19th District of Pennsylvania; and suppose further that a Republican majority were to be elected with him; and that this Republican majority chose Mr. Eisenhower as Speaker of the House. In the event of the death of the incumbent President and Vice President, Speaker Eisenhower obviously would be "eligible to the office of President." No rule of age or residence would disqualify him. Neither would the 22nd Amendment make him ineligible, because the 22nd Amendment does not bar a two-term ex-President from again *holding* the office, but only from being elected to it.

Crux of the Matter

This is the crux of the whole matter. Read the language again: "No person shall be *elected*"—elected where?—elected "to the office of the President more than twice." The language sustains and summarizes the entire debate in both House and Senate on the resolution in its various forms. The proponents' purpose was to prevent "dictatorship" or "dynasty"; it was to prevent a two-term President from "continuing in office" or "succeeding himself in perpetuity." It was to make it impossible for a President to use his power and his party prestige to win repeated election to successive terms.

These were the evils, described by one speaker after another, that the 22nd Amendment was intended to forestall. And it must be kept in mind that Mr. Eisenhower's purported constitutional ineligibility for the office of Vice President, under the 12th Amendment, rests solely upon a mistaken assumption as to the meaning of the 22nd Amendment. The Twenty-second does not prevent any ex-President from being elected to the office of Vice President in some future Administration, nor does it forbid his acceding to the office of President by a death or resignation thereafter.

Personal and Political

Is all this hair-splitting? Some will say so. But Constitutions, in my own old-fashioned view, were meant to be strictly construed. The intention of the framers is paramount. Words must be given not only their ordinary meaning but also the gloss imparted to them by the legislative history of the time. The spirit and meaning of the Constitution would not be preserved, but rather would be violated if the Twelfth and Twenty-second were read together to prevent Mr. Eisenhower from making himself available for a Vice Presidential nomination.

In my own view, to repeat, the problem is not constitutional; it is personal and political. At 74, Mr. Eisenhower may have strong personal reasons for not wishing to return to the hurly-burly. At the same time, one reasonably may imagine that it cannot be easy for a man who has known Olympus to dwell contentedly on the lower slopes of a Gettysburg farm. Mr. Eisenhower, who started his political career as a very doubtful Republican, has emerged as one of the strongest party men in the country; possibly he could be persuaded, as a personal matter, that his availability would be of overwhelming value to his party.

In any rational view, the galvanic effect of Mr. Eisenhower's name on a Republican ticket demands no exposition. A Goldwater-Eisenhower ticket could be sold competitively coast to coast.

My own view, for what it may be worth, is that the idea is worth a try. In the present disarray of the Grand Old Party, no one but Ike is likely to pull things back together; no one but he is likely to make possible the election of Barry Goldwater as President. These are the several considerations that ought to be quietly pressed upon him. Personally and politically he must make up his own mind. The Constitution does not stand in his way.

Ninth Commandment, Please

W. H. VON DREELE

Goldwater would transform the party of Lincoln into the party of the white supremacists.

Walter Lippmann

Dear Mr. Lippmann:
Though I know
How Barry gives you vertigo,
This sentence, quoted from the *Trib*,
Is—shall I be precise?—a fib.
I'm sure you wrote in haste. I'm sure,
Nagged by a rising temper'ture,
You had a go at writing hate
(While straining hard to sublimate).
Heck, we're all human! I don't think
Conservatives will fail to wink
At lapses labeled "lack of tact"—
Provided, sir, that you retract.
I'll watch for your retraction. Fill
Me in on Lyndon!
Fondly,
Bill

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Two Marshals—I

The Man Who Won the Battle of Britain

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

If the Battle of Britain had been lost, England would have been invaded and it would have been almost impossible to win the war, but even in my country, let alone in America, many people could not name the man who won the Battle of Britain, whereas everybody has heard of the victor of El Alamein, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

I skied and climbed with Hugh Dowding many years before the war. I first met Monty fifty years ago just before I married his first cousin, and for thirteen years I met him every winter at Mürren. It would be difficult to imagine two more sharply contrasted characters than these two great war leaders.

Dowding was a first-class skier with great powers of endurance. He was once caught in a storm on the Oberland glaciers. His companion on that occasion described to me what followed. "Dowding realized at once that the guide had not mastered the mysteries of the compass, so he took the lead without a word, and with the help of aneroid and prismatic compass led us through the storm to the station on the Jungfraujoch which, as you know, is not the easiest spot to hit off in a mist."

During the Munich crisis I spent a night with Dowding. He was gloomy about the ability of the French to hold up the Germans, and was correspondingly relieved by the Munich settlement. I spent the first six months of the war in the Balkans and in Italy, and did not return to England until just before Dunkirk. On July 5, 1940 I stayed with Dowding at Stanmore, which was then the headquarters of Fighter Command. His sister met me at the door. "You'll find Hugh very depressed," she said. "Try to cheer him up."

I made an unsuccessful effort to carry out her instructions. "The evening papers," I began, "report that the French line has cracked. I give the French another fortnight." An accurate prediction. Twelve days later the French asked for an armistice.

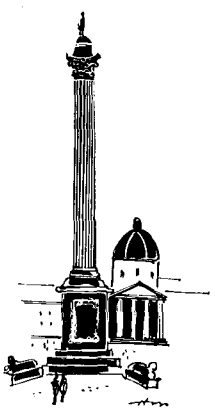
"Well, anyhow," I continued with forced cheerfulness, "we've got the Navy, so the Germans will never be able to invade."

"If we lose command of the air," said Dowding, "our warships can be bombed and sunk. The Fighter is the only real answer to dive-bombers cooperating with submarines." He paused and then added grimly, "The morale of our Fighter boys is the only thing which stands between England and destruction."

For the first time I faced the possibility that England might fall. It was a moment I know I shall never forget.

"My problem," he continued, "is to prevent Churchill from giving in to the French. They're desperate, and they demand more and more Fighter support. Naturally Churchill wants to do what he can for the French, but nothing can prevent France from being overrun. It's just as much in the French interest as our own that England should not be involved in the collapse of France."

Since the creation of Fighter Command in 1936, Dowding had fought to maintain adequate air strength in Britain. On May 14, 1940 the French asked for ten more squadrons to be sent to France, the loss of which would have fatally crippled Fighter Command. On May 15, Dowding wrote a letter to the Under Secretary of State pointing out that if the Royal Air Force continued to be drained away to remedy the hopeless situation in France, the defeat of France would involve "the final irremediable defeat of this country." Mr. Churchill had flown to Paris in an attempt to stiffen French resistance, and from Paris he telephoned an urgent message asking for more squadrons to be sent to France, but by this time the Cabinet had been convinced by Dowding's presentation of the grim facts and they gave him their unqualified support. It required unusual determination to stand up to Mr. Churchill, and but for Lord Dowding's insistence, the Battle of Britain would have been lost. Such at least is the contention of the authors of *The Narrow Margin*, Derek Wood and Derek Dempster.



During the summer and autumn of 1940 I spent four nights at Stanmore. After dinner Dowding always motored back to the headquarters of Fighter Command where he remained until the small hours of the morning. I brought a book to read while Dowding worked at his desk. An hour might pass without incident and then the telephone would ring or a senior officer would appear with some problem to solve. The Prime Minister always rang up towards midnight. By far the most thrilling part of the evening was the visit to Operations Room where the movements of hostile bombers were reported and plotted on an immense map.

Behind the Mask

Dowding's expression is often rather severe, and this I suppose explains his inappropriate nickname, "Stuffy" Dowding. But the stuffiness is a mask always assumed when what he says is the expression of a sentiment which he finds embarrassing to admit. I remember one evening as we drove towards his headquarters he said rather gruffly, "I don't know anything about your financial position or whether you've been badly hit by the war, but as long as I've got some money in the kitty you could let me know if you were in a jam." He was obviously embarrassed by my attempt to explain how touched I was by an offer of which I never needed to avail myself.

Dowding could never steel himself to accept casualties as inevitable. "People talk very lightly about casu-

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alties," he said to me one evening. "They'll say, 'We only lost four pilots today.' I feel as if I had lost four sons." This was one of the few occasions on which his feelings had proved too strong for his reserve.

I remember dining one night in the mess of a Fighter Squadron that had been in action that day. It was a humbling experience to spend an evening with these gallant representatives of "the few" to whom the many owed so much. "We were very pleased," said the Squadron Leader, "with the letter that Dowding wrote to us after the fighting in Flanders. When you see him he looks so grim that it is hard to believe that he has a soft spot for his Fighter boys, as he calls us."

Interest in Spiritualism

It was this soft spot for the Fighter boys which reinforced his interest in Spiritualism. I had first learned of his interest in the subject during an evening we spent together in an Alpine hut. He reproved me for some flippant reference in one of my books to Vale Owen. I had experimented with Conan Doyle, and was ready to concede the objective reality of at least some of the supernormal phenomena, but I remained, and remain, unconvinced of the possibility of communicating with the dead.

My impression is that Dowding had never visited a medium before the war, and it may be that the desire to reassure himself about the fate of those who had fallen explained his ever increasing and active interest in Spiritualism. Now Spiritualism is not one of the religions which are accepted as respectable by members of the Establishment, and I suspect that his advocacy of Spiritualism accounts for the fact that on retirement he was, to quote the authors of *The Narrow Margin*, "treated with scant consideration."

Nobody could have paid a more generous tribute to Dowding's leadership than Sir Winston Churchill in his own war memoirs, but whereas the victor of El Alamein was made a Knight of the Garter, Lord Dowding was not. There would have been no battle of El Alamein to win had Dowding lost the Battle of Britain, a battle which was won against a tremendous numerical superiority, unlike El Alamein, where the odds were in our favor.

Dowding was neither surprised nor pained by the "scant consideration" with which he was treated. He believed that he had been chosen for his command by a higher power than the Prime Minister.

"Twice I was on the point of being 'bowler-hatted,' and then at the last moment the decision was reversed. I sometimes feel that I was kept for this job because, of the candidates with equal or better claims, I alone could say no to Churchill. My job was to prevent the war from being lost, not to win it, and when my job is done I shall go out like a cork from a bottle."

And indeed, once it was clear that the Battle of Britain was won, Dowding's exit was as he predicted.

Dowding has never written a book about the Battle of Britain. I persuaded him to meet my own publisher at dinner, but all that the publisher could extract was a small book with a spiritualistic theme. Dowding is eccentric among the eminent in his hatred of the limelight. I remember him opening a letter at Stanmore from a press-cutting agency which solicited his custom. He looked at the letter with a slightly bewildered expression. "Why should they expect me to pay," he asked, "for what I wouldn't read even if it was sent to me for nothing?"

To recognize your vocation and to fulfill it is success, the only success which is of ultimate value. Judged by this criterion Dowding had been granted the best that life can offer to any man. No wonder that it is only his friends who could wish that he had received more recognition. What Burke calls "the solemn plausibilities of this world," Knighthoods of the Garter for instance, could have little significance for a man whose vocation was to save his country in an hour of urgent peril, and who was granted the supreme happiness of fulfilling that vocation.

Statement from the Printer

You must let me tell you about this customer of mine who
occupies a big house in town.
His name is . . . well, let me be discreet and call him Mr. Brown.
Mr. Brown has a backward appearance anyway, and when he drives
around in that Stutz Bearcat of his,
Well, I suppose it's really none of my bus
Iness that people laugh at him and say he's strictly 19th Century-
Fox
Like that guy from Arizona, you know, the one with the rox
In his head
Who thinks we're better off dead,
And, man, we gotta go out and make the Cold War hotter,
Boot the Bolshoi and the Cliburn Sonata,
Kill some Chinese, Drop The Bomb,
Like who wants all this peace and comb?
And I have to laugh at all this wit and fun
Since Mr. Brown is fooling everyone
But me. And if I tell you how come this is so
And what it is that only I of all the people know,
Promise you'll never, never tell it to a single, solitary
Soul? Actually, Mr. Brown is vary, vary, vary, vary, vary,
Lib'ral. I mean very . . . . .
Judging from his large orders for Fair Play For Cuba, Ban the Bomb,
Anti-Prayer, Down HUAC, Sock the South, Admit Red China,
And now this latest order for Head Off Goldwater stationery.

JOHANNES EFF

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On the Slanting of the News

A veteran journalist points out that it's as simple as the Ins *vs.* the Outs, and the Ins are Liberal—whose syntactical and moral solecisms are forgiven them

HAROLD S. TAYLOR

The newspaper publishers and the managing editors have just finished meeting in New York, and solemnly resolving that the principal factor muddying the stream of news from Washington to reader is the government's insistence on managing the news.

Broadening Washington news just a little to include all political news, a dissent is hereby offered. The principal factor muddying the stream of news to the reader is an amazing tendency, at all levels of the newspaper business, to give the Democrats the better of it.

Stewart Alsop, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post,* attributes this in large part to the fact that the Democrats are more interesting. Republicans, he says, are bores. This could very well be true; no one denies that Robin Hood is a more picturesque character than Benjamin Franklin. (The way the economy appears to be booming along, we old fuddy-duddies may yet have to concede that Robin was the better economist, as well.)

It used to be the theory that the working newspapermen were all Democrats, and the double domes on the editorial page and the soulless moneygrubbers of the countinghouse were all Republicans. As the bias spreads from the daily stories onto the editorial pages and into the policy decisions this becomes harder and harder to accept.

A case in point arose as if it were timed to coincide with the publishers' and editors' ruminations: the so-called "settlement" of the railroad working rules dispute. The settlement, as should be apparent to anyone who examined it with more than half an eye, was simply a surrender to the labor unions.

One railroad executive complained privately after the surrender took place that the railroads had been beguiled by a lot of promises of fair play into holding out. They could have surrendered gracefully six months or a year ago and got out for $50 million a year, whereas the heralded mediation cost them $75 million a year.

The extra $25 million was extracted, to put it plainly, by corruption. President Johnson promised to twist the Treasury's arm to get a ruling that would save the railroads $25 million a year in taxes. Either they are entitled to this money, in which case it was corrupt to make them give up a quid pro quo, or else they are not entitled to it, in which case the rest of us taxpayers are putting up $25 million a year to buy the President acclaim he doesn't deserve.

The day the story of this part of the bargain appeared in the *New York Times,* Mr. Johnson summoned the railroads' negotiators to the White House for one of his notorious displays of ill temper because it had been leaked. So we find the mentor of Bobby Baker embarrassed because one of his devious deals has come to public notice, and such watchdogs of the public morality as the *Times,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Washington Post* finding the transaction positively laudable. This is not a phenomenon that is amenable to rational explanation.

Richard Nixon's Offense

However, it would help keep down the blood pressure of those of us who seem to form the permanent minority in the country if the majority could forgo its perennial assertions that it does the strange things it does out of principle.

As Richard Nixon pointed out in a 1962 interview he would probably give anything to ungrant right now, two entirely different standards are applied to the actions of the ins—the national majority embodied in the Northern Democrats and Eastern Republicans—and those of the outs.

Mr. Nixon's great offense, in the eyes of the Liberal press, was that in his 1948 campaign for the Senate he pointed out the similarity of rollcall responses between Vito Marcantonio, the Harlem leftist, and Helen Gahagan Douglas, Mr. Nixon's opponent.

Naturally, the rollcall records were similar. As a rough generality, Democrats in those days voted for every measure that would make the state larger and the citizen smaller. Mr. Marcantonio would naturally buy that; the similarity of votes said little about how his basic philosophy might differ from that of Mrs. Douglas.

Mr. Nixon used this weapon just as Lincoln used it against McClellan, just as Plato used it against the Party of the Port 350 years before Christ: pick out the least popular group of your opponent's supporters and insist that he and they are identical on all counts. For his tactics Mr. Nixon was pictured by Herblock, one of the most piercing of today's political commentators, as a rat crawling out of a sewer.

The tactics did not vanish after the 1948 campaign in California. Preparing for this spring's New Hampshire primary, Governor Rockefeller called attention to the preference of members of the John Birch Society for Senator Goldwater, and demanded that the Senator dissociate himself from these supporters.

Did this make the Governor a sewer rat? Not exactly. The first Herblock cartoon into which it could be fitted contained an apelike figure labeled "Goldbirchers."

"If your man slugs mine with this 2200-year-old weapon, that makes your man a sewer rat; if my man slugs yours, that makes my man an Elk" is certainly an identifiable principle. Is it a principle calculated to ennoble our politics and to civilize

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our intercourse with one another?

Certainly the press owes it to the public to challenge Senator Goldwater or anyone else on divergences between statements made with no thought of running for President, and those made after the prize has come into sight. It is a measure of professional competence to discern these divergences, and of journalistic integrity to pursue them.

As far as Senator Goldwater is concerned, this duty has been performed with astonishing zeal. Discrepancies are dug up that don't even exist. And yet—

Curious Ambivalence

Back around Labor Day, 1960, the then Senator Kennedy made a noble address in Detroit to a labor union's convention. He said he considered the platform of a political party to be a sacred contract between the party's candidate and the electors whose votes he sought.

How many reporters gathered around after that speech to ask: "How does this apply to the gentleman who is running for the Senate in Texas on a platform of 'Make Earl Warren's Abolitionists keep their bloody hands off'n the Texas schools'?" Has the Washington press corps only become infected with professional competence and journalistic integrity in the last three years?

This ambivalent attitude is carried out with laughable pettiness. When Senator Goldwater lapses into some Southwestern solecism it is gravely advanced as a sign of his unfitness to be President. When President Kennedy quoted eloquently last summer in Dublin from a speech made in 1880, by a great Irishman who died in 1826, before a Parliament that was dissolved in 1799, no one was so irreverent as to hint that perhaps the ghosts had got into the Guinness, or the Guinness into the ghosts.

This is more than a personal cult; it seems to be an obsession with the virtues of what we call Liberalism. Writers and commentators have trapped themselves in the circular argument that "These men are on the side of the angels; whatever they do must be true and righteous altogether. Everything these men do is true and righteous altogether; they must be on the side of the angels."

Just a year ago the Tariff Commission held a hearing on the complaint of several great domestic steel companies that small drawers of wire rod were getting their supplies from abroad at unfair prices. This dumping complaint was rejected. Evidence showed that the big companies priced raw material to their customer-competitors at the same prices they charged the final consumer for the finished articles; it was buy foreign steel or go out of business.

Immediately six Liberal legislators, including Senators Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota and Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania, introduced a savage new anti-dumping law that would give the integrated steel companies the power of life and death over the little wire drawers. So far there has not appeared one word critical of this sordid maneuver in any of the publications devoted to saving God's patient poor from the machinations of the wicked rich.

An example of the great gap between Liberal promise and Liberal performance is even more timely. Three years ago President Kennedy found himself with the power of appointing a hundred federal judges. Ever since that March 3 when John Adams sat up all night commissioning federal judges to forestall Thomas Jefferson, these judgeships have been recognized as the most respectable and nearly the most potent ganglia of Federal patronage, but President Kennedy was rising above that.

He commissioned his brother, the Attorney General, to see that every judge chosen should have "respected

professional skill, incorruptible character, firm judicial temperament, the rare inner quality to know when to temper justice with mercy, and the intellectual capacity to protect and illuminate the Constitution and our historic values in the context of a society experiencing profound and rapid change."

Ghoulish Campaign

Robert F. Kennedy accepted the assignment. He and Byron White vowed that every candidate would have to meet all the specifications.

Three years have passed. Robert Kennedy's closest friends and associates are mounting a ghoulish campaign to get him into the White House by electing him Vice President and waiting for Lyndon Johnson to run himself to death. Surely his success in screening those hundred learned, respectable, incorruptible, judicious, compassionate, thoughtful, friendly, courteous, obedient, kind, brave, clean and reverent paragons of probity is relevant to his qualifications.

By happy coincidence the very first of this matchless hundred delivered himself of an opinion the other day in a civil rights case. Said Judge Harold Cox: "I don't see why he [the registrar of Grenada County] should put himself out because a buncha niggers want to register and vote."

That should lend itself to a spirited columnar debate, which for some strange reason hasn't begun: Is Robert Kennedy disqualified for the Presidency by the revolting hypocrisy that made him swear to screen the candidates for worthiness and then not do it, or is his unfitness demonstrated by the ineffable stupidity with which he *did* go down the checklist and still come up with a Judge Cox?

There was some excuse for the great number of reporters and editorial writers who sold their birthright of wary detachment for a pot of New Deal message back in Roosevelt's day. The pot of message was substantial, and at least plausible. To a 40-year veteran of the newspaper business the fact that an even greater percentage of the craft seems to be beguiled by the insincere and empty vaudeville we are witnessing today is as puzzling as it is painful.

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Special Report

Six Months After the Coup

THOMAS MOLNAR

Recently I lunched in the smartly furnished villa of a large rubber plantation near Xuan-Loc, some sixty miles northeast of Saigon. Six days before, the plantation director, M. Estève, and his wife had been kidnaped by the Viet Cong as they were dining at the same table. On the day after my visit a journalist for the French Radio was also abducted from the plantation while he was traveling in his jeep.

The Bien-Hoa highway leading north from Saigon, which route we traveled to Xuan-Loc, sees a great deal of traffic; but the other parallel highways are much less safe and the railway passenger experiences many "accidents." Trucks, unless in convoy under military escort, are often attacked, unless the companies which own them pay a regular toll to Viet Cong bands. The reason, incidentally, why M. and Mme. Estève were abducted is that the company, which pays one million piastres yearly to the Viet Cong for "protection," had neglected to pay the last installment.

Like a Chessboard

The whole country lives in the same insecurity as the plantation at Xuan-Loc. It is like a chessboard: here Saigon is in command, there Viet Cong guerrillas hold the jungle and raid the surrounding villages. The casualty figures, as shown to me at a U.S. military station, are high on both sides and are getting higher, although the Viet Cong make a practice of removing their killed and wounded, which makes an accurate count difficult.

During the year preceding Diem's murder the government had made real progress towards defeating the Communists. The strategic hamlets, of which I saw several, made it possible for the peasants to refuse supplies to the marauding bands, and the militia in each hamlet could drive the Viet Cong away or hold its ground until regular troops arrived. Many believe this strategy was proving so successful that the Communists had to intensify their efforts to bring down the Diem government, which they did by engineering the phony Buddhist persecution issue.

From the evidence on hand, I have come to the conclusion that the Ngo Dinh family consisted of brilliant individuals who abused their power, engaged (except for the President) in scandalous financial deals, and were convinced that they possessed the monopoly on salvation. The fact, however, remains that for Vietnam, President Diem—not his family—represented patriotism, firmness and the anti-Communist cause. Diem personified the war effort, and the morale of the army and the population sank to alarming depths in the months following the coup.

Morale plummeted under the inefficient military junta headed by General "Big" Minh. But the second coup, engineered by Gen. Nguyen Khanh, corrected many of the mistakes of the Minh regime. Equal shares in government were allotted to South, Center and North, Catholic and Buddhist sensitivities were appeased, the war unequivocally pursued. This is the situation as of this writing. The question is: where is the war in Vietnam heading?

The country has been at war for the past twenty years. In spite of Viet Cong harassment, the nation, by and large, is willing to pursue the war. Even to talk about neutralism is outlawed. Cooperation with American forces is satisfactory. There is no question of famine. But there is, nonetheless, much insecurity about the future. All of Southeast Asia is under the Chinese threat. Against this threat there is only one counterforce: American presence.

American officers and officials in Saigon hold the view that their presence is needed and that the war should be pursued until a negotiated settlement on the Korean model is reached. But they believe the war in South Vietnam can only be won in North Vietnam, particularly since the so-called "neutralization" of Laos offers Hanoi a variety of infiltration possibilities into South Vietnam. As it is, the entire peninsula is being slowly engulfed by Communism (and "neutralism"), and, as everybody here will tell you, the Communists are not even in a hurry. Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk has become openly anti-American because he realizes that the U.S. fights with one hand tied behind its back and will pull out sooner or later; Laos today is, for all intents and purposes, in Communist hands, and Thailand is jittery and tomorrow may exchange its right-wing junta for a pro-Chinese one.

One Hand Tied

American officers told me in private that the war could be carried to North Vietnam with relative ease by sending guerrilla forces (recruited among northern refugees who speak the local dialects) or by direct action against Hanoi. The one political argument against these moves is the possibility of open Chinese intervention, as in Korea. But the alternative to carrying the war to Hanoi is withdrawal, with a face-saving device of some kind.

Deadlines and high-sounding declarations have no value out here. In 1954 Mendès-France declared that he would negotiate a settlement with Ho Chi Minh within thirty days or resign; negotiate he did—with the result that today, ten years later, we are back in the same hot spot. What counts now is to make Ho Chi Minh stop fighting for good. At present the war costs him precious little since his army is intact and the Viet Cong guerrilla bands are practically self-supporting in foodstuff and armament, except for anti-aircraft weapons. Bringing the war closer to Hanoi would have immediate military benefits.

If the United States is not ready to take the initiative, then its presence in Vietnam will become increasingly pointless. Neutralization of the area, as proposed by de Gaulle, would result in a completely subverted and demoralized Southeast Asia. It is important that this be understood.

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Bounce High the Head Beams, Governor

VICTOR GOLD

In the volatile political world of George Corley Wallace, it is Aginism, not the League of Women Voters, that drives people to the polls. The average Alabaman traditionally marks his ballot as an act of reprisal, delivering not mandates but injunctions. He is *agin* Bobby Kennedy, *agin* Martin Luther King, *agin* Henry Luce . . . the list is prodigious. And once he is convinced that any of his *bêtes nords* have a candidate in a race, stand aside—the Aginist voter will shoot his way into the polls if necessary.

"I am a protest candidate against the Liberal trend in government," declared Wallace at the outset of his three-state primary search for upcountry cousins. "A vote for me will bounce radar beams off the heads of the Washington Liberals and start them thinking about conservatism."

The Governor underestimates the cranial resistance of Washington Liberals: *laser* perhaps could do the job, but radar hardly. Nevertheless, beams there have been, in signal abundance, though receivers have garbled the message. For example, Wisconsin Governor John Reynolds, in his memorable Pyrrhic victory statement, said that all Wallace's kinetics went to prove is that "there are prejudiced people in the North as well as in the South." The pronouncement set a pattern—a familiar one to those of us who have observed Wallace in political battle in Alabama—for what happened later in Indiana (29.9 per cent of the vote) and Maryland (42.8 per cent). There is no getting around the fact that the man is gifted with what, down home in his native Barbour County, they regard as the luck o' the Scots-Irish, *i.e.*, fast reflexes and fatuous enemies.

But if Liberals are straining not to get the Alabama governor's full message, conservatives are no better attuned to the ideological radiations emanating from Oshkosh and points southeast. Maybe it has something to do with distrust of George's pure hominy accent (after all, there *are* prejudiced people in the North as well as in the South). Whatever the reason, the conservative attitude toward the Governor is much like that of a convention of Hebrew Union rabbinists assaying the claim of Haile Selassie as the Lion of Judah. Wallace may proclaim the faith, but no one on the dues-paying Right seems anxious to invite him into the doctrinal temple for a guest sermon. You say you're conservative, Governor? You don't *look* conservative!

Reform School Graduate

Whether Wallace is high-fidelity conservative or merely single-speaker anti-Liberal can best be determined by beginning at the agining—that is, with his political forebears. A postwar graduate of Big Jim Folsom's agrarian reform school of Alabama politics, Wallace came up listening to the Populist headmaster's campaign advice that "the only answer to a $75-a-month pension promise is an $80 promise." Small wonder that the Governor's shakiest moments this spring came, not during skirmishes with Liberal opposition, but when he sought to convince conservative Indiana audiences that accepting federal TVA money is not inconsistent with states' rights.

On the other hand, few conservatives could fault or improve upon Wallace's assaults on Liberal foreign policy attitudes. While concentrating on the Alabaman's civil rights arguments, the national press overlooked such transmissions to Washington as occurred at Butler University when the Govenor was challenged to spell out a policy on Vietnam. "I don't have any Vietnam policy," snapped Wallace. "I guess I'm just like that crowd in Washington." It brought down the house.

Where Alabama is concerned, however, it is true that Wallace's immediate effect might be to slow the development of an authentic, two-party-based conservative movement. The May 5 victory of the Governor's unpledged elector slate will blur a clean-cut Johnson *vs.* Republican ticket choice for the state's November voters. The question now is whether the unpledged elector plan will gather momentum in neighboring Southern states. What would be the effect of a Wallace elector movement in a Johnson-Goldwater campaign?

Apart, then, from his impact on civil rights legislation, George Wallace's political alternatives need reflection—if only to separate the beams from the motes. After Maryland, he can (1) go to Atlantic City to bargain for Southern interests at the Democratic Convention; (2) like a bygone namesake on the opposite side of the Democrat spectrum, carry his protest into November as a national third-party candidate; (3) remain in Montgomery as a hero to strengthen his power base through passage of a gubernatorial succession bill; (4) pursue the Southwide unpledged elector route, hoping to throw the election into the House of Representatives.

Nothing about Wallace suggests that he could content himself this summer of 1964 with merely bargaining on the Boardwalk or retrenching in Alabama. Third party? Perhaps; but in any Johnson-Goldwater contest, Wallace's presence on the ballot would impinge upon the Republican as well as the Administration ticket. Whatever else George might be signaling, it is demonstrably not for a protest vote to strengthen Lyndon Johnson in key Northern states. This leaves only the unpledged elector movement in the South. Wallace seems to be pointing in this direction; but if Barry Goldwater is in the field, Southern voters might well come to ask whether unpledged electors would be the most effective protest this year "against the Liberal trend in government."

After all, the region's rebellion against this trend was a factor on the national scene long before George Wallace launched his assault on Oshkosh. Nineteen-sixty-four could be the year when the rebels decide where, if anywhere, they want to travel. Is the Aginist conservative—or just plain ornery?

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The Third World War

Crumbling Line

JAMES BURNHAM

The corny razzle-dazzle of the LBJ roadshow covers up the reality in Vietnam and Laos. While the President reads TV scripts about "the Great Society" in the tone of a ham preacher, and Lady Bird dips cornpone in Appalachian sorghum and politics, we are being driven out of Asia and back to the western shore of the Pacific. Few Americans see what is happening; still fewer understand; and of those who both see and understand, hardly any seem to give much of a damn.

It is not unnatural that the understanding, in this case, should be scanty among the general public. Southeast Asia is as far away from the United States as you can get on this earth, and its peoples and ways, too, are exceedingly distant from ours. Most Americans have never heard or read anything at all, apart from news scraps during the last couple of years, about Southeast Asian geography, history or culture. Even today's catastrophic events in Southeast Asia have no direct, immediate effect on the lives of Americans—except for those few thousand stationed there, and their families, and the few thousand more with professional or business interests in the region.

Once the Communists consolidated power in mainland China, the strategic essential of the Southeast Asian problem was defined for the ensuing decades. Communist pressures, direct and indirect, would seek to drive Western power and influence out of the area. That was, is and will be the main line, under the sign of the polycentric Khrushchevs, Maos and Hos as of the monolithic Stalin; it is as simple as that. The first great, though partial, victory in the Communist campaign came with Ho's defeat of the French and the establishment of North Vietnam as a salient thrusting deep into the peninsula.

It was during the Indochina war (1947-54) that the "domino" metaphor was first applied to the Southeast Asia structure. I remember an able analysis by General Bill Donovan, chief of the wartime OSS, in which he explained how the fall of all or most of Indochina (comprising what are now called Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia) would inevitably lead to the toppling of one after another of the row of dominoes—Thailand, Burma, Malaya, and in the end Indonesia and the Philippine Republic also, right up to New Zealand and Australia. Donovan, grasping the geopolitical and strategic interrelationships, proposed the recognition of the entire region as a single "combat theater" and the appointment of a combined military-political "theater command."

As the Mekong Flows

The 1954 Geneva capitulation that abandoned North Vietnam could not mean more than a brief breathing space. As soon as North Vietnam was consolidated, Ho's revolution on the Mekong began rolling south and west. Today Laos, South Vietnam and Cambodia are all three tottering like the clown's circus ladder on its next to last swing. Their fall may be disguised for a while under diplomatic formulas, but when it comes, the remaining states will follow, one by one.

But what does it matter if we are driven out of Asia and the Pacific? What business do we have there anyway? This is what matters: the first line of defense of our own country—our western strategic frontier—is the great arc, easily traceable on a map, that runs from Alaska down through South Korea, Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, Southeast Asia and the Philippines, and finally, after the dangerous gap now marked by Indonesia, on to a southern anchor of sorts in Australia. If we give up in Laos-South Vietnam and the neighboring dominoes begin falling as inevitably they will, our defensive frontier—not at once, of course, but soon enough on the historic scale—must and will be drawn back to Hawaii: in fact, rather, to our own West Coast, with Hawaii remaining as no more than a forward outpost. In the process, the Philippine Republic, already growingly nervous, will have swung to neutralism; Free China will have foundered; Japan, already pushed in that direction by internal economic and political pressures, will move into close relationship with China. Through that vast strategic retreat we will have been reduced from a global to a parochial power; we will enter the eastern Pacific only at the will of another; we will be under siege within our own inner bastion.

Go West, Young Nation

The major historic drive of our nation has always been to the West: from the European birthplace of our civilization, in the beginning, west to the Atlantic seaboard; from the Atlantic to the Mississippi valley, the mountains and deserts and the Pacific shore; then out across the Pacific toward the far islands and the coastlands of Asia. We fought a terrible war only twenty years ago to prevent a rival power from seizing control of the Pacific.

The President's choice about what to do in Laos and Vietnam is also the decision whether to begin the long retreat to San Diego; and if he fails to choose, he will also be deciding. But his choice, even if he were a more serious man than he so far appears to be, is harrowing. To prevent the loss of the Mekong valley—and thus of Southeast Asia—may be beyond our capabilities. (France, with generations of experience in the area and 400,000 soldiers, failed to hold Vietnam, after all.) At best we would succeed only by a very long, complex and costly action. There is no easy road. It is an illusion to suppose that bombing, blockading or infiltrating North Vietnam and southern China offers a quick way out from a modern revolutionary war at the advanced stage this one has reached. The price may well be more than the American people are willing to pay; and they are certainly not going to pay if they aren't even asked.

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Religion

The God Amendment

ROBERT J. DWYER

After the New York (Regents') prayer case, constitutional amendments by the dozen were offered, in both houses of Congress. Most of them were pretty much alike, and read like this one, offered by Rep. Becker:

"Prayers may be offered in the course of any program in any public school or other public place in the United States."

Two objections occur immediately: 1) it is too broad in the possibilities for sectarian indoctrination which it opens up, and 2) it is too limited to be of any real use in changing the direction of the drift of the Supreme Court's thought.

First, under such an amendment, a homogeneous school district could transform the public school into a Baptist, or Mennonite, or Catholic, parochial school by the introduction of prayers in such quantity and diversity that they would constitute a complete course in instruction in the faith in question. On the other hand, such an amendment would do nothing to correct what I conceive to be a growing disagreement between the Supreme Court and the country. It would say nothing about parochial schools, chaplains, coins, oaths of office administered on the Bible, or a hundred other customs made legal by long usage, and accepted as obviously compatible with the American ideal of freedom by the vast majority of Americans.

What is needed is an amendment that is both less specific as to what is allowed, and more generic as to what is not forbidden. For what it is worth, I suggest that the wording of the amendment might well be:

"Since we are a religious people, whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being, aid and succor may be given to religious belief by Congress and the States, provided that one religion is not preferred over another."

Such an amendment would not solve all problems. Indeed, it might cause as many new ones as it removed old ones. But it would do the main thing that needs to be done, namely, instruct our Supreme Court that the people of the United States have no intention of making secular humanism the religion of America.

The main objection to such an amendment is that it would deny full liberty of conscience to the unbeliever. For centuries, there has been a struggle within Western civilization to outlaw the imposition by government of a pro-religious orthodoxy. Freedom to deny God, or merely to ignore Him, was hard to come by, and I do not suggest that we should now abandon it. But the pendulum has been allowed to swing to the opposite extreme. In the guise of defending the right of freedom of conscience, of making government neutral to religion, we have suffered the special pleaders for atheism and agnosticism to win a privileged place in our society. The Supreme Court's thinking, if carried to its logical conclusion, will establish a new, secularistic orthodoxy. Those who hold that religion is the enemy of the intellect, and of all things intellectual, have carried the field.

But now the tide has turned, bringing with it a new understanding of the rights of the nonconforming conscience, as evidenced by the spirit surrounding the Ecumenical Council. Believers now outnumber nonbelievers not only in the factories, but in the universities. I stress their predominance, for, if this is not a fact, then this amendment cannot be passed. The only reason for insisting that government take a stand for or against religion is the demonstrated fact that it cannot be neutral. And if government must throw its weight on one side, surely the majority has more claim than the minority.

Nor can the amendment be passed unless the believing majority cooperates in a truly Christian spirit. Unless Catholics are willing to see tax money helping to promote the Lutheran faith, and vice versa, the internal division among believers will defeat the God amendment. Even if it passed, could believers use the privileged position thus granted them with the kind of forbearance and understanding that would make it acceptable? We repealed the Eighteenth Amendment, and we could repeal this one too, if it turned out to be another "noble experiment" gone wrong.

John Stuart Mill, in his treatise *On Liberty*, wrote:

"If the government would make up its mind to require for every child a good education, it might save itself the trouble of providing one. It might leave to parents to obtain the education where and how they pleased, and content itself with helping to pay the school fees. . . . That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating. . . . There would be nothing to hinder them [the children] from being taught religion, if their parents chose, at the same schools where they were taught other things."

It is amazing how much Mill, the patron saint of the First Amendment, sounds like Cardinal Cushing. Surely, if John Stuart Mill approves of federal aid to parochial schools, it cannot be very dangerous to liberty. Let us leave the atheist free to promote atheism, with tax deductibility for his contributions, while at the same time eliminating the handicaps and inconsistencies now present in a God-fearing nation whose Supreme Court outlaws the name of God from her compulsory public schools.

• •

Everett McKinley Dirksen

All hail to thee, McKinley!
I sure do like your style.
Whenever you begin, we
Anticipate a smile.
I hear the echoes clearly
Of Webster and Calhoun.
(You're wonderful when merely
On bulbs which bloom in June.)
It's obvious—though older—
You've got a lot to say.
Then why the devil shoulder
The load for LBJ?

W. H. VON DREELE

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Chaos of Urban Schools

Can anything be done to restore order, let alone the claims of learning, in the "gray area" schools of our big cities? This writer recently participated, at the University of Detroit, in a symposium on this and allied subjects. If nothing is done, soon it will be next to impossible to find teachers to engage even in adolescent-sitting institutions.

Kirk

For many of these schools are physically dangerous for pupils and teachers; they offer little for the mind; as instruments for "socialization" and "acculturation," or as means for developing right reason, they fail. For that matter, they do not impart satisfactorily even vocational skills.

A few courageous and imaginative superintendents, among them Dr. Carl Hansen of the District of Columbia and Dr. Calvin Gross of New York City, have done something to restore inner and outer order in their schools—against great odds and powerful pressure groups. Large quantities of foundation money have been spent in experimental programs, and the Johnson "war on poverty" people would pour immensely greater sums into the undertaking—though with no coherent plan of reform.

Perhaps the grimmest cause of this school anarchy is the lack of roots of the pupils, who are confused, rebellious, and handicapped by family troubles and disorders of personality. It is not poverty, *per se*, which plagues them; rather, they are the victims of the disintegration of community. Southern negro or white families abruptly translated to Northern industrial centers, "urban renewal" refugees from the bulldozed neighborhoods, Puerto Ricans or Mexicans set down in a bewildering new environment, rural folk drained off to a proletarian cosmopolis—these people produce, understandably, a generation of children without norms or even aspirations, at odds with one another and with the teachers. So it is that Vachel Lindsay's phrase "Factory windows are always broken" may be altered, in our time, to "School windows are always broken."

It is a great pity that "racial integration" coincided with the virtual collapse of community in the city and of order in the school. The difficulty was sufficiently colossal without the additional perplexity of a vast sociological experiment. Thus the conflict of wills and bodies between white and colored students, the flight of white population to the suburbs, the school boycotts and strikes sponsored by racial organizations, and the entangling of public schools in political passions have brought many school administrators and teachers to despair.

Sociological Pawns

So it is—according to teachers with whom I have conversed—that schools which remain wholly or predominantly colored are less anarchic, and accomplish a little more, than "integrated" urban schools. For hostilities are diminished, and some remnant of community may be discerned, however decayed or imperfect. To rush wildly into immediate total integration by bussing children from one neighborhood to another, on the theory of "racial balance," therefore is madness—if one is seeking decent instruction for both white and colored. Not only will this scheme meet with obdurate resistance from parents, but it must further bewilder and embitter the poor sociological-pawn children who are hurled into neighborhoods they do not know, and thrust among schoolmates who misunderstand and dislike them. School is designed for intellectual and moral instruction, not for grand egalitarian undertakings.

I venture to suggest here, very briefly, some policies that are necessary if blackboard jungles are to be converted even into blackboard backwoods.

First, the authority of the teacher—including the right to punish the refractory pupil—must be restored. At present, many school principals and other officials fail to sustain their teachers even in the exercise of self-defense against violence.

Second, the ineducable or the school-hating youngsters must be removed from ordinary schools—where they make life intolerable for other pupils and for teachers—and either sent to special institutions or (much better) engaged part-time or full-time in apprenticeship programs or other work. Here the intelligent cooperation of unions and of employers is badly needed—and often state laws and school-board policies must be amended.

Third the dreary, anti-intellectual textbooks must be supplanted by works with some imagination and content; and the dismal "adjustment" curriculum must give way to reality and hope—to some such invigorated reform as Dr. Carl Hansen's "Amidon Plan." Humanity will endure almost anything except boredom; and most urban schoolchildren are thoroughly bored nowadays.

Fourth, some sort of religious and moral principle must be implanted in studies, to offer "gray areas" children a rudimentary understanding of personal worth and social responsibility, if nothing more. As Dr. Philip Phenix says, school learning must be suffused with reverence.

Fifth, the pupils themselves must be made part of the process of regeneration—not merely its unwilling objects. Separation of students into classes according to level of ability helps in this. And—on a different note—one may conceive of a kind of school militia, to restore order and divert into decent channels the aggressive instincts of the rebellious.

If you ask whether the average city school-official today has intelligence and resolution sufficient to achieve such reforms—why, the answer is no. Yet a good number of the younger teachers know what must be done, and in them there is some hope.

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Conservatives Marshal the Data

M. STANTON EVANS

In 1962 a group of Democratic congressmen led by James Roosevelt of California sponsored the publication of a volume of essays called *The Liberal Papers*. The theme of this curious anthology, written by a dozen or so left-wing scholars and publicists, was set by a passage in the opening essay in which it was opined that "as the Cold War continues, it becomes increasingly difficult for decent Americans, humane enough to prefer peace to an egocentric national honor, to be outspokenly and genuinely anti-Communist." Subsequent chapters offered a broad agenda for conciliation of Moscow in fulfilment of this insight.

The Liberal Papers provoked a furor which sent Democratic legislators identified with the book scurrying for cover. They also provoked a group of Republican congressmen, captained by Rep. Melvin Laird of Wisconsin, to formulate a reply, now issued under the title of *The Conservative Papers*. And it requires no partisan bias to conclude that, in this particular battle of the books, the Republicans have got the better of their adversaries across the aisle—a fact most easily verified by noting that no sponsor of the conservative volume has yet found a disavowal necessary.

Like their predecessors, *The Conservative Papers* are topical essays by professional verbalizers prepared at congressional behest. But there, thankfully, the resemblance ceases. All of *The Liberal Papers* are concerned with foreign policy, and while this makes for a kind of thoroughness, it does not afford the range of matter suggested by the title. *The Conservative Papers* are obviously meant to give broad coverage to all the major issues of the hour, both domestic and foreign. And this, in the specific areas chosen for discussion, they do very well.

The Conservative Papers, edited by Rep. Melvin Laird. Quadrangle, $5.95; Doubleday, $1.45 (paper)

More profound differences occur at the level of substance and intellectual style. There is about *The Liberal Papers* an air of smug irrelevance, a heady preoccupation with leftist dogma, and consummate inattention to the historical record. The method is to conjure with incantations about "world opinion," the "underdeveloped nations," or "Soviet liberalization," and to play these insubstantial concepts off against one another in a sort of dream algebra without reference to history, man, or international power. To the question, what to do about the Communist global enterprise, *The Liberal Papers*' response is to pretend it isn't there, or to trust it can be made pacific and manageable by a good deal of hard wishing. The book, in short, is an intellectual shambles, more useful to students of the bizarre than to men who would defend themselves against a relentless enemy.

The Conservative Papers, by way of contrast, is a work of careful empiricism, free of abstraction and ideological verbiage. The authors, to be sure, have their preconceptions. But none lets his opinions obscure his vision of the facts. Each is engaged in a marshalling of data, concerned rather to illuminate some specific aspect of public policy than to remake the world with his typewriter.

The resulting essays form an impressive summary of the issues, and a successful resort to fact against Liberal misconceptions in several departments of public discourse—*e.g.*, the convincing demonstration by Edward C. Banfield, Karl Brandt, and Milton Friedman that U.S. foreign aid policy, on the cold record, has not in the main achieved its stated objectives and cannot, in the nature of things, achieve them in the future. In the realm of domestic economics, Raymond J. Saulnier, Gottfried Haberler, and Roger A. Freeman make a convincing case that heavy government spending and deficit finance militate against individual freedom and national prosperity. Prof. Edward H. Chamberlin explains the counterproductive tendencies of labor union coercion. In each case, the presentation consists of testing Liberal theory by the inadequacies of Liberal performance, a matter of tangible demonstration, which limits theoretical discourse to those areas in which a choice absurdity may be broken on the wheel of syllogism.

THE SAME bias toward the specific marks the foreign policy essays by Henry A. Kissinger, Milorad M. Drachkovitch, David N. Rowe, and Edward Teller. The authors examine, respectively, the strengths and weaknesses of the NATO alliance, the practicability of liberation in Eastern Europe, the calamitous default of American policy in Asia, and the imperative need for continued nuclear development to insure the strategic defenses of the free world. As in the domestic chapters, there is no belaboring of magic shibboleths. The authors do not attempt to explain away the Western crisis with make-believe or ideological voodoo, but set about instead to deal with it as it actually is.

The most highly theoretical of the essays are the opening chapter by Charles Malik, an eloquent polemic about Western decadence and Communist zeal; Alfred de Grazia's learned summary of the purposes and preconditions of federalism; and a challenging inquiry by Harry V. Jaffa into the limits as well as the plenitude of "civil liberties." But even these chapters, concerned as they are with

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theoretical sanctions and appeals to principle, are clothed in the rough texture of fact, shaped by a continuing awareness that the real problems of a real nation are at issue, problems of politics and power which cannot be disposed of by some slick conceit or grandiloquent adage.

The conservative scanning these essays will, by virtue of this patient empiricism, emerge with a store of information and intelligent argument on the major political issues of the day, and a vastly improved understanding of topics hitherto wrapped in the mist of Liberal slogans. Empiricism, however, has its bad points as well as its good. This reader, in any event, felt somewhat at a loss to relate the various presentations to a central body of thought. The assumptions of Professor Kissinger on the subject of "containment," for example, seem to be quite different from those of Dr. Malik or Professor Drachkovitch—a difference which implies a different view of the Cold War as a whole; and to the untutored eye, it would seem Professor Saulnier accepts a variety of economic doctrines which Professor Friedman would find unsatisfactory.

Such differences, as Rep. Laird indicates in his Introduction, are an acknowledged component of the volume. The writers do not claim to speak with one voice, do not in fact claim in all cases to speak for "conservatism." Each is presenting material deemed worthy of appraisal by conservatives, and each has in so doing made an important contribution to the public dialogue. The difference in emphasis and the wide range of presupposition suggest, however, that much work in relating specific programs to general principles has yet to be done.

The Royal Archives Proved Lean

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Sir Philip might have achieved a full, exciting life of King Edward VII if the royal scavengers had not destroyed all the most tempting piles of letters. After the Mordaunt divorce and the Tranby Croft baccarat case, secretaries spent years hunting what might hurt the throne. Even the Royal Archives have proved lean. Magnus found no letters to Edward from Queens Victoria and Alexandra of any value and none surviving from Mrs. Langtry or Mrs. Keppel (his Profane and Platonic Loves).

The book has therefore been stuffed from famous scandals involving talk of duelling with Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford, in each case about other men's wives—Lady Aylesbury and Lady Brooke. The fight with Beresford is new but not told complete. Lady Beresford raised such hell that she brought in Salisbury and blackmailed the Prince in order to crush Lady Brooke—the fury of a ridiculous, screaming woman against a beautiful one. The truth was that Lady Brooke was in love with Beresford and the Prince with her. Minna Beresford held a dangerous letter from Lady Brooke which was with difficulty burnt. Both ladies defaulted their society positions, but Lady Brooke's here unprinted telegram out-dared the letter. When Lady Beresford produced an unexpected Beresford child, Lady Brooke wired to Minna's husband, "What means this infidelity?" Unfortunately Minna opened the telegram! This gem should be added to the book.

It was the same Charlie Beresford who once sent the most useful social telegram of those times to excuse a boring weekend with the Prince—"Sorry cannot come. *Lie* follows by post." It was much copied in smart society.

Edward's life can be compiled from records of sport, politics, yachting and racing, all on colossal scale, though the envious Kaiser bullied him out of Cowes Regatta and failed to start a better one at Kiel. From rivalry in canvas came rivalry in ironclads between the Admiral of the Solent and the "Admiral of the Atlantic" as the Kaiser called himself!

Edward was cut off from a long career by what he used to call his "Eternal Mama," in addition to the Eternal Father which is enough for most. As a youth he was guarded like a royal rarity to keep his breed untarnished. When his fellow officers in Ireland smuggled an actress or what was called a "Curragh Wren" into his tent, the Queen never forgave him and even assigned the Consort's death to horror that his son had ceased to be the only virgin officer left in the Queen's Army. Officers of the Guards were then required to furnish their Colonel with a certificate from a Mayfair madam that they could pleasure ladies.

Left on his own he made a wild success of his visit to Washington, being conducted by President Buchanan to George Washington's grave. He began public life by making the Anglo-American Entente and ended by a French Entente—which he left to fight the Teutons between them after his death. For his achievements he can be forgiven all his women, his wretched playboys, his stage-struck evenings and baccarat nights in the languid years between.

To some extent the contempt of King and Kaiser for each other started the First War by devilish repartee conveyed by smart courtiers. The King was "old Peacock" or "Satan." The Kaiser was "Wilhelm der Grosse." Reply came that the King went yachting "with his grocer" (old Lipton). When the Kaiser inquired about the old Queen, the King said, "He will only want to order her coffin!" When Edward died, the Kaiser employed the funeral at Windsor to hatch an anti-English entente with the astounded French Embassy! Was he mad? Edward passed on to those who should have known, through Mrs. Keppel, that the Kaiser would go mad or make war, though uncertain in which order.

This is the final, official Life, though endless social scrapes and scraps must come yet to the surface—half wisdom and humor. He held up the elevation of a modernist Bishop on the ground he was still Defender of

King Edward the Seventh, by Sir Philip Magnus. Dutton, $8.50

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the Faith though he preferred to be Defender of the America's Cup. He sent Archbishop Lang to York with instructions to stop clergy quarreling and cut their moustaches. When Winston's first daughter was born, Edward announced it must be a suffragette. His best witticism was to suggest the Marlboroughs should name their new town house not Blenheim but Malplaquet.

The baccarat cheating case passed into world history when bridge became its substitute by Edward's command, and society followed in every civilized land. Mrs. Keppel made no scandal even when a famous joker painted in large capitals at the corner of her street one night, "This way to the King's Arms." Colonel Keppel took a job from Lipton in Ceylon and she was accepted with the King at all the great houses save by the straitlaced Lady Salisbury and the Duchesses of Portland and Norfolk—the latter being Catholic said she was afraid of shocking her Irish servants! As a pair there was nothing Edward and Alice would not do for each other. The Cabinet induced her to sway the King on many ticklish occasions. When she wished to see the hidden Fitzherbert Papers, the King removed them illegally from Coutts Bank and transferred them to Windsor for her to read and compare her own lot with Mrs. Fitzherbert's.

Edward all his life was saved by Queen Alexandra who not only resembled an angel but acted like one. She could not tolerate Mrs. Langtry at Sandringham, but it was different with Mrs. Keppel—the Queen gratefully consenting everywhere.

The splendor of the reign—the final diplomatic rout of the baleful Kaiser, the insistence on a fleet of dreadnoughts, his conquest of Paris first in the house of pleasure and finally among the diplomatists—is told in this volume, but the King never appeared so great in the eyes of Englishmen as when he led in his third Derby winner, Minoru, slapped on his royal back by every bookie or duke or sportsman at Epsom that day, who could manage to touch the Lord's Anointed in his finest hour!

'I'm a Sad Fat Boy...'

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

FOUR YEARS AGO the *Central African Mail*, a mass circulation paper in Northern Rhodesia, inaugurated an advice-to-the-lovelorn column, "Tell Me, Josephine," that caught on fast because the anonymous Josephine (who is actually three people) showed she could see through a phony and be as tough as some of her hard-boiled compères in the West while at the same time providing helpful and sympathetic (and oh, so readable) advice to those in need of it.

Tell Me, Josephine, edited by Barbara Hall. Simon and Schuster, $3.50

To be sure, many of the problems she is called upon to solve gain in interest because they are peculiarly African. To the contrite young man who reports that when a strange girl climbed through his window one night he impolitely screamed and chased her out, she answers that perhaps he might have taken the trouble to inquire why the young woman was coming through the window. A lion could have been chasing her! . . . A witch doctor, called in to cure a stomach ache, is charging a young husband £2 for the herbs he used, 10 shillings for the house call, and £20 because the young wife subsequently became pregnant. Josephine agrees to the first two charges but asserts, "Tell him it is you, not the witch doctor, who has made her pregnant."

For the conceited, the show-off, the arrogant, Josephine has no patience; indeed, some of her responses are masterpieces: "Should I marry a rich old man who . . . can give me sheets on the bed, or shall I have the handsome young man who has no money?" *"I'd prefer a handsome young man with money. But it all depends on whether you want love or sheets when you go to bed."* "I am naturally irresistible. Many beautiful girls flock to me when I ask them. Social life is a cup of tea. Tell me why girls come flocking to a boy like me?" *"Because they are half-witted, I imagine. No sensible girl would rush to a man so full of self-conceit."* "I like chatting round till dark with charming damsels, and was so engaged when my wife found me. To shame me before the damsels she beat me with a stick she carried." *"You were lucky she wasn't carrying an axe."*

To one young man who has a real problem (he and his brother are so much alike that he has found his wife creeping under the brother's blanket) and asks what he should do

about it, the advice is simple: *"Tell your wife she must stop this creeping under the blanket since she cannot tell one man from another. Say that she must stay in her own place, and you will do all the creeping that is necessary."* But Josephine is sharp to "a married woman with three children" who has been advised by her father to leave her husband, a cook, and live with a policeman as her husband. *"You would not be a policeman's wife, you would still be a cook's wife who was unfaithful and is now a policeman's loose woman. Your children would be sad and you would be disgraced."*

TO THE fat and conceited youth, "I am 18, with blue whites to my eyes and am kind of cute. Friends say if I lost some weight I would be the cutest boy ever. How can I get thin enough to make the girls stare?" Josephine replies thus: *"Eat fruit and vegetables instead of mealie-porridge. Take a daily run around the roads. But avoid dirt roads or the dust might fly into your cute eyes and make them bloodshot."* However, she is full of sympathy for the letter writer who starts simply: "I'm a sad fat boy. How can I make girls love me when I look like a melon?" Lots of boys, she informs him, look like melons at seventeen and like bushbeans at twenty. Fatness, she says, isn't important "if you are cheerful, clean and neatly dressed." She takes to heart the problem of the sixteen-year-old who is unkindly called "stork boy" by the girls because of his scrawny legs although he "is neat

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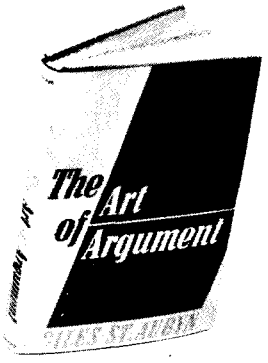

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and clean" and his shorts "are always well-ironed." She informs him that when he grows a little older his legs will probably fill out and suggests, while waiting, that he invest in a pair of long pants.

Tell Me, Josephine is obviously fun to read; it is also instructive, since the problems presented serve to give us a picture of Africa often overlooked in more serious works. In many of the letters the writer proudly introduces himself as "a third form man" or "a fourth form man," an indication of the importance of education to the new African. Many of the questions deal with the strains between the young and educated town-dweller and tribal customs. How is this youth to produce the eight cows he must give his bride's family for *lobola* (wife money) when there are no cows in the region from which *his* tribe comes?

Must this one take the twelve-year-old wife his parents have chosen for him in the tribal village when he is in love with an educated girl in town? Is one boy obligated to pay the £15 fine assessed against his uncle in Native Court (for damaging two virgins) when he was saving the money to get married on two years hence? *"If you wish to keep tribal custom, then you are obliged to help your uncle,"* Josephine writes, "[but] *if you do not care about tribal custom any more and do not intend to visit your family in the rural areas again, then no one can make you pay. Only you can decide."* Often when Josephine advises against following a tribal custom she suggests that the letter writer send a gift of salt to his relatives to soften the blow, salt being highly prized in the villages where the tasteless mealie-porridge is the staple food.

It is a different world that Josephine is talking about and yet very much the same, *vide* this one last exchange: "I am Mary. My teacher, who likes me, told me that girls who do not go to bed with their teachers do not pass their exams. Can it be true?" *"If you are not smart enough to know the answer is no, then you are not smart enough to pass your exams."*

Who Is Imitating Whom?

GARRY WILLS

THESE ESSAYS, written over the nine years since the appearance of Vivas' *Creation and Discovery,* explain and refine and apply the concepts set forth in that important landmark of American aesthetics. Most of them are aimed at the "imitation" theory of art—a dragon which evidently cannot take too much slaying, since Vivas finds imitationists and crypto-imitationists lurking everywhere.

The Artistic Transaction, and Essays on Theory of Literature, by Eliseo Vivas. Ohio State, $6.75

Though I must admit, right off, that I am now and have ever been an imitationist, I entirely agree with Vivas' criticism of those who demand, from an art object and its observer, a constant reference *outward,* away from the artifact to some particular or composite "model." For them a poem on, let us say, the sunset, is a kind of pointer, a sign-post in the woods showing us the way to Sunset Ridge. Once we get to the ridge, once we have the real sunset (or some particular effect within it) pointed out to us, the pointer is of no further use. It is simply a distraction. It is even—as Plato said, but for reasons other than his—the imitation of an imitation, since the poem undoubtedly uses words and devices borrowed from other descriptions of sunsets. But all descriptions fall short of the reality; all imitations must give way before the original. So art, in this theory, is suicidal—it shows how much better real sunsets are than the ersatz ones of Turner. The perfect poem obliterates itself.

The poem on the sunset, however, if it is a good one, not only points to an object for our contemplation but is an object for it. It is not any beautiful sunset that the reader may notice *after* putting down the poem; it is *this* sunset, individual, contained, autonomous. *Which*

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sunset, asks the biographer; where was the poet's "model"? And he studies weather conditions on the evening preceding the poem's composition. But the woman in da Vinci's painting is not Lisa, wife of Francesco del Giocondo, a woman God created, who is dead, who has met whatever destiny her Maker intended. It is "La Gioconda," the creation of Leonardo; and her eternal summer shall not fade.

Vivas has made these points, and made them well, and traced their complicated results in the practical discussion of art. But he has gone further. In his attack on the "reference-outward" of crude imitationists, he makes claims for the autonomy of the artifact that are impossible to maintain. For instance we are told that "art merely presents. It does not teach; it does not plead; it does not judge, and, therefore, it can neither be conservative or liberal, atheistic or theistic, Freudian or Thomist." Yet on the very next page, when we are given the advantages of this "pure" attitude toward art, we find that "it is easy to miss what a tremendous, what a devastating challenge, the tragedy *King Lear* is for a religious person who takes too easily for granted the providential nature of God. To grasp fully the challenge involved in *King Lear*, it must be approached in the aesthetic mode." That is, we must take a pure approach *in order to get some impure advantage*—for surely the correction of complacent views on Providence is a form of teaching? If art can be neither atheist nor theist, then it cannot offer any specific challenge to certain theists.

Another example: he chides Suzanne Langer for her covert imitationism, her departure from Cassirer orthodoxy, when she claims that art expresses the dynamism of man's inner life—a dictum shamelessly close to Aristotle's statement that dancers "imitate" emotion. Yet when Vivas makes his own defense of non-objective art, it is in these terms: its creators are "working in response to subtle, deeply hidden, but powerful forces operative in our era," and they "express these forces." And why (we may ask for Miss Langer) is imitating the motions of the *Zeitgeist* better than imitation of the goings-on in the individual's *Geist*?

I could continue with examples, since Vivas is forced to depart from his theory every time he talks about a work of art. If the artifact were as "intransitive," as closed to the outer world as he makes it, it would also be impervious to our discussion, inaccessible to our analyses. Yet there Vivas is, discussing works of art, and doing it intelligently and helpfully; and destroying his own theory every time he does it. For, precisely because the artist creates a little "world," we must compare it in some way with the macrocosm. The artifact's order mirrors, corrects, rivals, indicts the world. *King Lear* does challenge theism—and every other kind of -ism. And it is this process—which puts the artist's work *up to* yet *over against* the world—that many theorists have in mind when they describe art's way of "imitating."

VIVAS WRITES, of the imitation theory, "Interpret it in any way you like, it denies the creativity of the poet." One wonders how any number of important passages—Nietzsche on the *"musikalischer Weltspiegel,"* the opening page of St. Thomas' *Commentary on the Politics*, Ruskin's later thoughts on "ideas of relation"—can ever be crammed into that generalization. And, for that matter, even the villain of this book, even Aristotle, does not seem adequately covered by it. Vivas admits as much—though he thinks Aristotle lapsed in the truth of the matter, this once, by forgetting the demands of his own theory. The lapse occurs when Aristotle says it is better for a dramatist to display a probable impossibility than an improbable possibility; that is, he puts the poem's internal demands above literal verification outside it. Yet such "lapses" occur everywhere in the *Poetics*—when, for instance, the author recommends a "consistent inconsistency" in character-drawing to go with the "probable impossibility" in plot; or praises Sophocles for showing men as they should be shown rather than as they are; or calls metaphor the highest test of poetic skill; or says it is worse for an unskilled hand to paint an animal with the proper number of horns and hooves than for an *artist* to paint the animal, adding or omitting limbs at the dictate of design.

In all these instances, Aristotle's concern is more for the internal order of the poem than for point-by-point correspondence with some outside model. His principle of imitation is not the "pointer" theory others have

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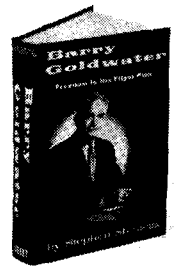

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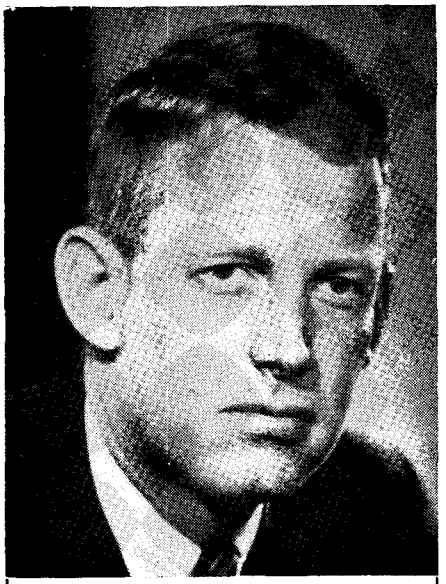

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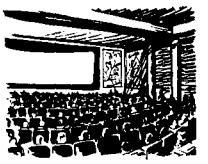
foisted on him. He tells us that the pleasure derived from imitation is one of *recognition;* not direct knowledge, of, say, *x,* but knowledge of *x* in *y,* of one thing *in another.* And the *other* is as important as the *one*—something Aristotle indicates when he says that even disgusting things are pleasurable (the pleasure is of *knowing*) when grasped by reflection in the new world the poet has created for them. And, just as "recognition" in a play's plot is the more pleasurable as it involves greater surprise, so the basic recognition elicited by art's way of imitating, demands both a tension and a harmony between our "x" and our "y" which together form a unique thing. This is the reason metaphor "stands for" the poetic skill in Aristotle's mind.

Why, then, talk of a single lapse? Aristotle was forever lapsing from the "Aristotelianism" of Professor Vivas' crypto-Aristotelians. He was, in fact, a crypto-Vivas.

Movies

Muckmanship

GEOFFREY WAGNER



I HADN'T MYSELF quite realized how dogmatically license is being substituted for liberty, in our New York bedrooms, at least, until there thudded into my mail-box—along with the latest supermarket prices—some literature urging me to support the New York League for Sexual Freedom. With Putnam's issuing *Candy* (which even the French Government seized when the Olympia Press put it out there as *Lollipop*) and John Rechy's encomium for male prostitution high on best-seller lists, I should have thought that even New York Liberals had all the sexual freedom they could handle for the nonce. Or, as someone has recently suggested, is the next step to picket the Mayor for "sodomy, homosexuality, and transvestism"?

Only a week ago I read, according to yips of delight in *Village Voice,* that LeRoi Jones' new one-act play ("brief, lyrical, biting") contained "sodomy performed on stage"—well—"(with the lights out)." Come on now. So timid? One Jonas Mekas, an individual twice arrested for showing obscene films (the second occasion on current bail of $1,500), appears to be the self-appointed high priest of "The New American Cinema." (Another leading light, Jack Smith, brushed with the law on a different count, trying to "borrow" jewels from Tiffany's on two occasions to lend accuracy to his films; he was released both times.) You have but to read Mekas—alongside of his confessed buddy, Andrew Sarris—to see just how the pathic is being mobilized in the destruction of the rational in this area today.

For, as Wyndham Lewis put it once, "The 'homo' is the legitimate child of the 'suffragette.'" The increase of war in Western society makes women feel that their reproductive function is being negated, on the one hand, while, on the other, it makes men feel that the institution of manhood is caricatured. Self-slaughter is hardly very creative. Undoubtedly world wars have brought these bouts of inversion in their wake. Yet what these disenchanted males, and aggressive pseudo-females, fail to realize is that by being principally emotional they are utter gulls for the consumer capitalist system they so deride. The group produces in place of art a series of discontinuous entities, very much like advertisements.

TAKE THE case of Jonas Mekas. Mekas writes regularly for *Village Voice* and had a hand, with his brother, in the making of *Hallelujah the Hills.* Somehow or other he got himself to the recent Brussels Film Exposition as doyen of "The New American Cinema" — an elevation which even the *New Republic* found less than funny. Needless to say, Brussels was regaled with films by Mekas' friends, including the "celebrated" *Flaming Creatures* of the light-fingered Jack Smith — which evidently features close-ups of the male genitalia (I accept the report on fervent trust)—when not of course

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watching Genet's "homosexual love story," *Un Chant d'Amour*. Some of the showings evidently took place in Mekas' hotel bedroom. The incest arrangement develops very rapidly. As one disaffiliated letter writer put it in the *Village Voice* recently,

> This is getting fantastic.
>
> At each year's end Jonas Mekas asks a number of critics and film commentators to name best films.
>
> Oddly enough, these include Jonas Mekas and Andrew Sarris; and while one is grateful to be introduced to such great names in the field as Bogdanovich, Bauchau, and Franchi, one notes (with a yawn) that they nearly all select *Hallelujah the Hills* as one of their best films. Meanwhile, across the page, Andrew Sarris glowingly reviews *Hallelujah the Hills* for the third (or is it fourth?) time in your columns. . . .

One might forgive these wretched naïfs if only the work they produced weren't so appallingly bad. To borrow from Wilde, that prince of pathics, it's worse than obscene, it's badly written. Genet has a certain vitality in the French, but translated in the Grove Press edition he is terribly mediocre. Rechy is wretched. So what happens, over here at least, is that "daringness" has to be dragged in to compensate. Bergman's *The Silence* was surely the film to end all homosexual films. But no. It was reread as apotheosis. The invert can't, or won't, lose. He insists on being victim and executioner of our guilty culture. And thus to be obscene is to be "daring," to be *avant-garde*. Indeed, the two are regularly equated in the pages of that funny little periodical *Evergreen Review*, the latest issue of which has been seized as obscene and a warrant issued for the arrest of its editor, Barney Rosset.

It is all a sort of ninetyish naughtiness, plus a game of peep-bo played on the side against the police, with the culprits shrieking "Civil Liberties!" with steady relish every time they get caught out. (Oh, that *nas-ty* rough cop who snatched the copy of Blake out of Jonas Mekas' hand!) But this is precisely duplicating the technological rat-race they all despise. X is "ahead of" Y in the pages of the *Evergreen Review* because he uses **$$#!! as well as !!#$$**. It's like the new auto models. *Lolita* being in, Lolitaism is out. This spring lesbianism, next winter incest. The year after we might wake up de Sade again.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PARIS IN THE TERROR, by Stanley Loomis (Lippincott, $6.95). A popular history of the sanguinary climax of the French Revolution in 1793-4 centered successively upon 1) Charlotte Corday's assassination of Marat, 2) the rise and fall of Danton, and 3) the *Grande Terreur* and the overthrow of Robespierre. Pedantic nit-pickers may—and have—quibbled at the author's interpretation of certain events of those sickening, fast-moving days, but the basic story is beyond controversy and well worth this powerful retelling. "There is," Mr. Loomis concludes, "no crime, no murder, no massacre that cannot be justified, provided it be committed in the name of an Ideal." In his vivid pages we see mankind—emancipated at last from outmoded obligations and superstitions—rededicating itself to the classical concept of Virtue, and killing . . . killing . . . killing. . . .

W. A. RUSHER

JUNGLE SAINTS: *Africa's Heroic Catholic Missionaries*, by Philippa Schuyler (Herder Roma, $5.00). In this somewhat uneven book Philippa Schuyler bucks the current thinking and insists that Christianity far from being on the decline in Africa is resurgent. She has visited hundreds of convents, church schools, and hospitals, and talked to the nuns, priests and bishops who man them. From her evidence it would seem that the Cross has nothing to fear from the Crescent in today's Africa. Most sensational is her opening chapter on the massacre at Kongolo in the Congo in January 1961 as the story is told her by Father Darmont, the only white survivor. She pays the tribute he deserves to Major Lawton, the British officer who single-handedly effected the rescue of Father Darmont and a score or more other white missionaries when neither the United Nations nor the Central Government appeared cap-

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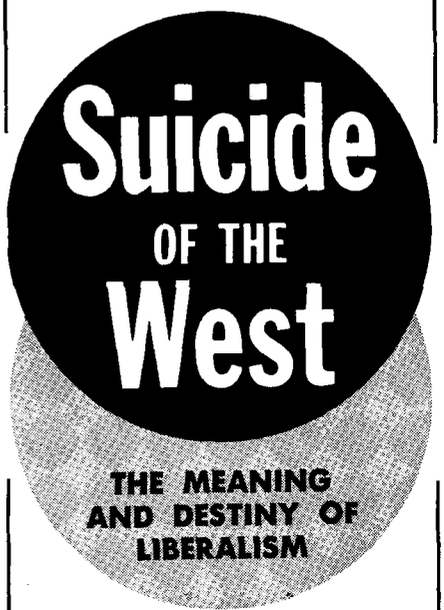

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able of doing so. In an interesting couple of chapters on Angola, Miss Schuyler confirms the Portuguese claim that there is no color bar in their African provinces. I found other sections of the book less effective. In her attempt to acquaint the reader with *all* the countries she has visited in her three years of journeying through Africa, Miss Schuyler too often stimulates our curiosity without satisfying it.

P. L. BUCKLEY

CARMINA ARCHILOCHI. *The Fragments of Archilochus,* translated by Guy Davenport (University of California, $1.50). Archilochus was the Villon of ancient Greece, supreme lyricist and scapegrace—his blossoms, according to Meleager, those of the thorn, his sweetness that of brine. He is the first great poet after Homer, and the great undoer of the Homeric pose: the epic vaunts issued by champions about to fight are changed, by Archilochus, into lovers' insults. Horace treated him as a perfect union between *ira* and *ars*: "Archilochus made anger keep its head, And killed men metronomically dead." He created satire, and perfected the iambic metre of Greek drama (a verse, as Ben Jonson put it, "to win on popular noise with, *and do business in*"). He also wrote, in Davenport's fine translation:

How many times,
On the grey sea,
The sea combed
By the wind
Like the wilderness
Of woman's hair
Have we longed. . . .

A man worth knowing; and nowhere to be met in adequate English until now. For Davenport to accomplish this shows that he could well bring off the task that most needs doing, and no other has come near; and ability to do this amounts, in such circumstances, to an obligation. Mr. Davenport has given us a recognizable Archilochus. He owes us a Sappho.

G. WILLS

NUCLEAR DISASTER, by Tom Stonier (Meridian, $1.95). This is not simply another book on the horrors of nuclear war, confusing counsel and offering hysterical emotionalism in place of the hard realities, from whose cold light we must not shrink if we are to conduct the struggle for survival with hope of success. Its value lies in the refreshing objectivity of its account of the immediate effects and longer-term consequences for this country of a nuclear attack and particularly in a valuable discussion of the neglected problems of epidemic danger and ecological damage in the post-attack environment. Despite his ideological prepossessions of a pacifist nature, Mr. Stonier gives a sober account of the situation which would exist in the United States in the wake of even a moderate attack.

Here he separates his assumptions from the facts, leaving the reader free to evaluate and grapple with the facts independently. In his speculation on ultimate consequences, however, ideological distortion not surprisingly has the upper hand.

J. C. MEYER

Random Notes

● BOOKS: "Dr." Fidel Castro has scribbled his autobiography, tentatively titled *Ten Years of Revolution,* for the Italian publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli. Two volumes, or more, we assume. Atheneum hopes to publish it in the U.S., and awaits the manuscript, promised for some time next year. . . . If you come across Janet Gillespie's *Peacock Manure and Marigolds* (Viking, $3.95), be apprised that in spite of the fetching title it's a perfectly good gardening book from New Hampshire. . . . Huntington Hartford has drawn his sword again to defend painting against the twentieth century. He has his points, and the blow this time comes as a book, *Armageddon of Art* (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.50). . . . For August, from Bernard Geis Associates, *Brendan Behan's New York,* by, of course, Brendan Behan, with drawings by Paul Hogart ($5.95). . . . The late Norbert Wiener's last warning to the world is *God and Golem, Inc.,* "a comment on certain points where cybernetics impinges on religion," a book about machines which learn and which can reproduce themselves (M.I.T. Press, $2.95), to be put on the shelf with Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* and Prof. Wiener's *Cybernetics.*

● MOVIES: In Lebanon the censors agree to allow *Just for Fun,* a rock-and-roll vehicle, provided all the song and dance sequences are taken out. . . . And, thus far in 1964, the Legion of Decency has found all of four films to recommend, *The Incredible Journey* (two dogs, one cat for actors), *Thomasina* (a cat), and *Sword in the Stone* (various knights, wizards, horses, and so forth), these three being from the studios of Walt Disney, and *Island of Blue Dolphins,* from International. The Legion, however, has given seventy films the A-1 rating, but doesn't think they're fitten to see. . . . David Lean, who made *Lawrence of Arabia,* is now hard at work on *Dr. Zhivago.* . . . Peter Sellers will portray Fagin in the movie *Oliver,* the musical by Lionel Bart, to be filmed by Columbia. . . . The role of Carl Schurz (1829-1906), general, journalist, Indian fighter, senator, cabinet member, and biographer of Henry Clay, will be played by Edward G. Robinson in *Cheyenne Autumn* (Warner Bros.). Spencer Tracy was to have had the part, but gave it up. . . . John Michael Hayes sets about to write and produce a movie about Richard Burton, the Victorian translator and orientalist, to be called *Isabel and Burton,* Isabel being the wife. ("She was sacred," the posters will say, "he was profane.")

● NOCKIANA: All cherishers of memorabilia pertaining to Albert Jay Nock (1870-1945) are asked to communicate with the Secretary of the Nockian Society, 30 S. Broadway, Irvington-on-Hudson, N.Y.

● IRELAND BERSERK: A Dublin City Commission has been petitioned by an association of merchants to change St. Patrick's Day to warmer weather.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 472)

Theology is inimical to orthodoxy; rather, I feel that in the hands of such men as Rahner and Schillebeecx it has become the most elegant unitary principle of the faith since the Gospels. Furthermore, it does not lead inevitably to the denial of a personal God, nor to a denial of the Fathers or the councils.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOHN A. MCFARLAND II

Monastic Cavemen

Re *Dialogue* Associate Editor Daniel Schechter's letter in your May 19 issue: Although an hour's dialogue between Mr. Schechter and Mr. Russell Kirk would presumably do nothing to benefit Mr. Kirk, it just might clear away some of the cobwebs in the mind of Mr. Schechter.

Further, I would like to inform Mr. Schechter that there are those of us who would be willing, nay eager, to enter a "monastic cave," if for nothing more than to escape the technological sterility of the Brave New World that surrounds us, and produces persons of Mr. Schechter's ilk.

San Gabriel, Cal. JANE W. BARNES

Reversing the Supreme Court

I greatly appreciated Russell Kirk's most admirable and comprehensive article on the currently urgent problem of the reversal of the Supreme Court decision on school prayer, which appeared in May 19 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Mr. Kirk has shown great wisdom in his grasp of the far-reaching importance of this vital issue. His pertinent comments on the positions of important groups in our country, approving a constitutional amendment, were informative for all of us, as were his remarks concerning the plans of the opposition.

The recommendations made by Mr. Kirk, based on both moral and political grounds, belong in the Republican Party platform. Actually, however, this issue transcends politics and political parties.

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

In Mr. Kirk's article, "Organizing Against the Supreme Court," he speaks of "Project America." These youths gathered over one million signatures all across America in one afternoon on April 11th. In one locality, nine ministers gathered where a group of these youths was gathered, and told people not to sign their petitions.

Then on May 7th, they took their petitions to the House Judiciary Committee. It was after five o'clock in the afternoon before they were permitted to testify. They were not permitted to take their petitions in the hearing room, not even a handful. Emanuel Celler asked them all kinds of questions, such as if they were a legitimate organization, and tried to tie them in with the John Birch Society. At that time of day most of the Committee members had gone home. All in all, they received hostile treatment from Mr. Celler.

And by the way, the petitions were signed by whites, Negroes, Protestants, Catholics and Jews. As far as the news media was concerned it was a blackout.

Beaver, Pa. MRS. NORMAN MAIRE

Peers and Peris

In the May 5 issue reviewer Francis Russell gives ammunition to the Liberals who maintain that conservatives are really very dumb. Russell admits that he fails to understand the symbolism of the dwarfs in Bergman's *The Silence*. More than one Liberal intellectual knows that dwarfs have been used as a theatrical representation of homosexuality for many centuries. Bergman chose Spanish-speaking dwarfs because Velázquez painted many pictures of dwarfs, and Oscar Wilde wrote a short story entitled *The Birthday of the Infanta* in which a dwarf at the Spanish Court represents Wilde's homosexual fantasies. Need I mention the more recent use of the dwarf in *Ballad of the Sad Café* or in Elias Canetti's best-selling *Auto-Da-Fé* (note the Spanish title)? Since the older sister in *The Silence* is a lesbian the use of dwarfs is a theatrical reinforcement.

So if you people at NATIONAL REVIEW really aspire to being acknowledged as the intellectual peers of the Liberals, you'll just have to learn how to interpret Bergman films properly.

Yonkers, N.Y. DAVID CRAMER

What NR *doesn't know about homosexuality, peerless Cramer doesn't know about etymology.* Auto-da-fé *is Portuguese, not Spanish—dammit.*
—ED.

Misquoted

It is not true that I said "that the one thing that may pull Castro through his present economic and political difficulties is continued acceptance of his regime by Washington," as you have stated in your issue of May 5. I wrote: "The one thing that could now pull Castro through every danger threatening him would be U.S. 'acceptance of the continued existence of the Castro regime,' as Fulbright recommends" (*The New Leader*, April 13, 1964).

The difference is so obvious that I have trouble understanding how such a mistake could have been made.

New York, N.Y. THEODORE DRAPER

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PAC and ANC

Elspeth Huxley is an extraordinarily sensitive observer of the African scene and has written brilliant travel books on East and West Africa and probing analyses of the past and present in Kenya.

But her "Road to Johannesburg" [May 5] has a major false detour. Poqo is not the militant wing of the African National Congress. It is a guerrilla extension of the PAC (Pan African Congress). The PAC and the ANC are both banned in South Africa but this does not lessen their mutual antagonism. No charges of Communist infiltration have been laid against the PAC—the criticism here is of its bloodthirsty, panga-swinging and notably ineffectual efforts at revolution. In contrast, the well-organized (short-wave radios, dynamite, guns) African National Congress has often been manipulated by the small and well-disciplined white Communist Party of South Africa operating in the Republic and in London. The PAC was born out of an African dislike of manipulation by white Communists.

Pasadena, Cal. EDWIN S. MUNGER
Professor of Geography,
California Institute of Technology

Crossing the Yalu

Did you look at a map after reading Bob Considine's interview with General MacArthur and before you wrote that ". . . we may assume that, translated into tactical operations, the plan was militarily feasible, as indeed it is on its face" ["The Crossing of the Yalu," May 5]? The airline distance between the landing points named is nearly 350 miles and the forces were to meet within two days, advancing, therefore, at over eighty miles a day though very mountainous terrain. And did you consider the logistics of putting down along this front a five-mile-wide belt of radioactive cobalt when the stuff can only be transported safely with ten inches of steel or equivalent shielding outside it?

MacArthur may have been romancing in 1954, or he may have been misreported. If these were really the plans he advocated before his dismissal it would seem to show that his powers of judgment had declined very rapidly after the Inchon landing. And this would explain the advance to the Yalu when MacArthur's plans left a large gap in his front through which the Chinese were able to move in behind his forces.

A good case can often be discredited by mixing it with nonsense.

Chevy Chase, Md. MICHAEL LINDSAY

General MacArthur, meet General Lindsay. —ED.

Pro Madalyn

The vile, dishonest, and unentertaining harangue against Madalyn Murray in "The Week" [Apr. 21] speaks loudly for the thought that Christianity is a bad religion for laymen.

There are many of us who are conservatives and oppose school prayers and "under God" in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Port Chester, N.Y. JEFFREY PALL

Better Rand than Red?

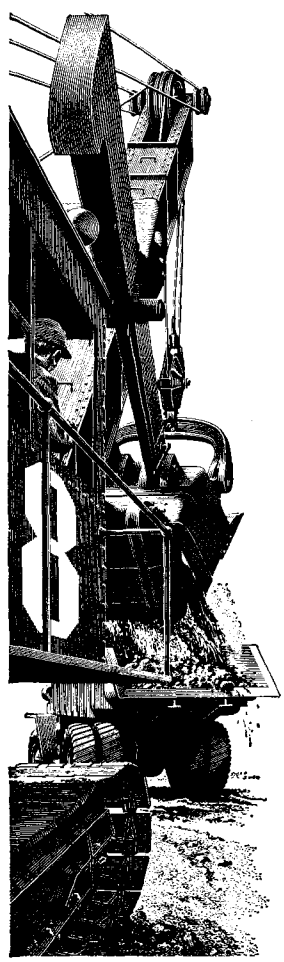
I'd like to comment in the snide little semi-editorial you had on the Belgian doctors' strike [April 21]. The doctors had a perfect right to strike. They are businessmen, offering their services for a price. . . .

Your magazine is, as Nathaniel Branden and Scott Stanley have both said (I know—I heard them both at the Shoreham in D.C.), a modulated hubbub. Your editorials are sometimes excellent, also your cartoons, but you've got to stop accepting your enemies' premises, and your unreasoning, hostile fanaticism against Ayn Rand has got to go. She is by far the most popular among young conservatives and libertarians. I've been in thirty-nine states in the past year

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (June 2)

Moley
[THE] REPUBLICAN OPPORTUNITY

The less his intelligence and human understanding, the more arbitrary the bureaucrat's decisions. For he is operating with the shield of law and innumerable directives of higher bureaucrats. His life may become a perpetual contest with the public, but he "has his orders."



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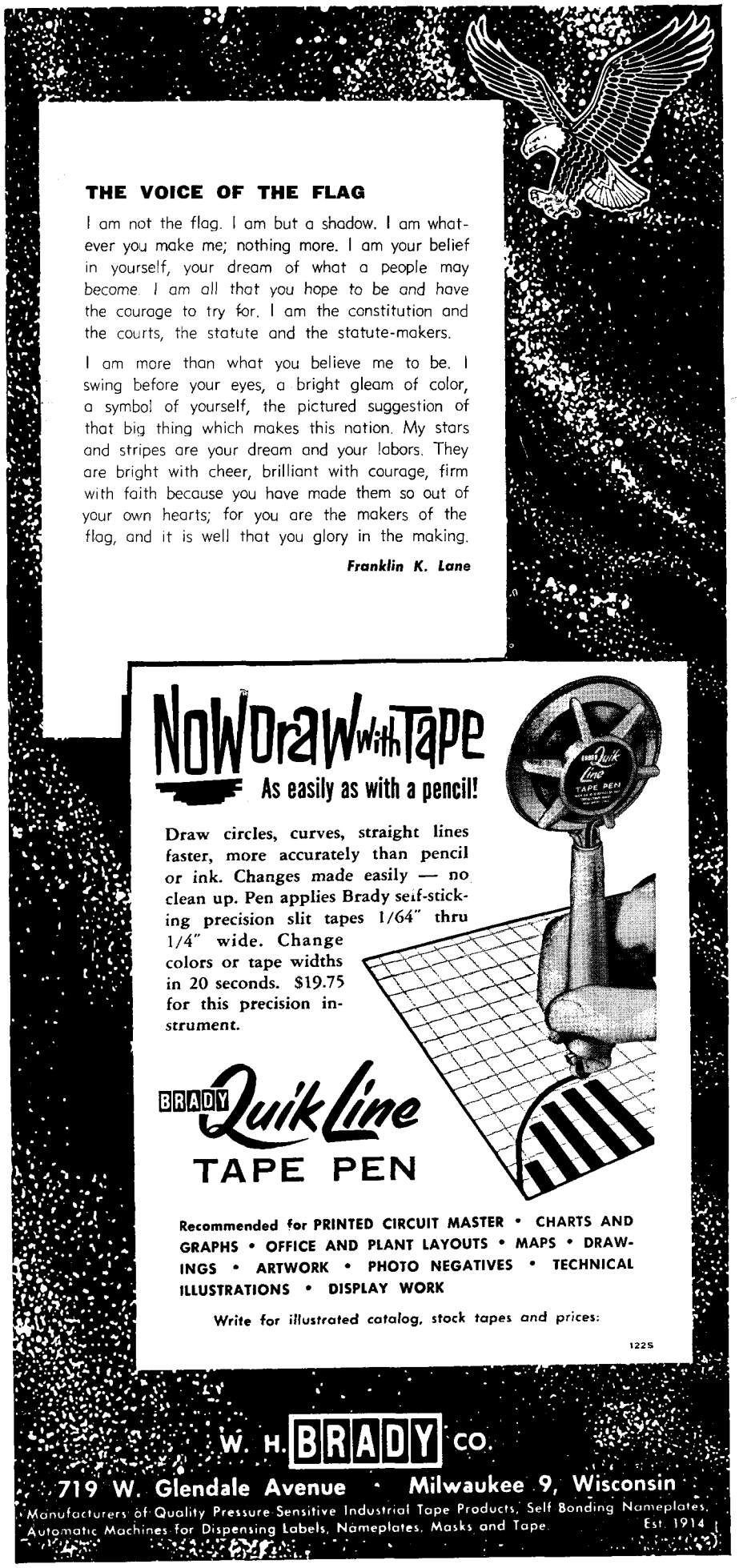
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and I know this to be true. This woman is going to create a philosophical revolution or else we go Red.

Bethesda, Md. MICHAEL PAUL HARDESTY

A good display of objectivist reasoning. —ED.

Medicare in Canada

Your short editorial concerning the doctors' strike in Belgium [April 21] proved—as is usual with NATIONAL REVIEW — most informative. Your comments relevant to Saskatchewan proved interesting, too, since I formerly resided in the "Wheat Province."

You stated, in the editorial, that the doctors of Saskatchewan, having fought distasteful aspects of the plan, have maintained their professional freedom. This is, on the surface, true; but the continued functioning of the plan might, in time, even erase this. It is more expensive, you see, for a patient to go to a doctor who is working—on his own accord—outside of the plan. Therefore, it is only a matter of time before all will be dealing with government doctors, where service is "entirely free." (The fact that it isn't free at all never disturbs the socialist.)

A little while ago, April 22, to be exact, the socialist government in Saskatchewan went down to defeat. The new government, a motley crew of Liberals and former socialists (including the leader), will attempt to bungle on. They have promised—promising is a silly thing for a Liberal-type to do—not to repeal the Medical Care Act; so apparently, nothing really has changed! But then, who expected it to!

Edmonton, Alberta L. J. WILSON

Epilogue

I am writing at the request of my son William Ellhamer, Box A-9428, Tamal, California, to apologize for all of the confusion his letter that you published [Apr. 21] has caused. He wishes all those who have written him, sent him periodicals and money, to know that he appreciates it all. He has not been allowed to keep any of it. He says he feels like an ingrate and if you can spare a little space to put this letter in your NATIONAL REVIEW I am sure he would feel he has rectified his impulsive act.

Los Angeles, Cal. ROBERTA ELLHAMER

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To complain about the meat (slang)	3 12 17 54
B. Special days of Roman calendar	14 172 92 105
C. A thoroughfare	28 127 45 79 82 162
D. Category of Shakespeare's plays (pl.)	31 152 173 176 182 57 70 87 51
E. A hautboy	53 106 113 129
F. Type of plant	166 8 19 29 35 88
G. A treeless plain	39 47 60 107 175 118 143 11
H. Great American senator (1850-1924) (full name)	42 99 124 137 147 58 169 108 73 40 153 85 187 158 178
I. Religious leader and onetime Cabinet member (full name)	46 64 81 120 41 36 183 76 150 156 192 6 96 98
J. Prohibition Amendment	75 59 119 26 165 43 139 90 48 177
K. One who inflicts retribution	86 27 74 145 18 61 52
L. A nonintellectual	110 68 133 13 157 102 1

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Come into a country of which one is not a native, for permanent residence	117 94 170 77 138 103 65 20 2
N. Plan under which some office-holders get rich (2 wds.)	135 109 160 71 167 95 30 193 78
O. Number of amendments originally in Bill of Rights	141 114 32 62 180 185
P. Province and city, Netherlands	151 91 159 115 189 21 66
Q. Kind of beverage	148 136 72 111 22 144
R. Eboracum	101 4 34 84
S. Changes into bone	174 80 125 63 9 89 163 130
T. Tribe of Borneo	56 104 123 7 164
U. Football position (2 wds.)	93 67 16 23 112 142 122 190 97
V. To travel by rule of thumb	128 24 154 83 155 184 171 131 188
W. Drink that may or may not be alcoholic	134 25 33 49 55 44
X. To unite into a mass	161 121 15 116 50 146 5 140 179
Y. Good day, good knight! (German)	186 191 37 149 181 168
Z. A score	10 100 38 69 126 132

See page 507 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 L	2 M		3 A	4 R	5 X	6 I	7 T		8 F	9 S		10 Z	11 G	12 A		13 L
14 B	15 X	16 U	17 A	18 K	19 F		20 M	21 P	22 Q		23 U	24 V	25 W	26 J	27 K	28 C
29 F		30 N	31 D	32 O		33 W	34 R	35 F	36 I	37 Y	38 Z	39 G	40 H		41 I	42 H
43 J		44 W	45 C	46 I	47 G	48 J	49 W	50 X	51 D	52 K		53 E	54 A		55 W	56 T
57 D		58 H	59 J	60 G	61 K	62 O	63 S	64 I	65 M	66 P	67 U	68 L	69 Z		70 D	71 N
	72 Q	73 H	74 K	75 J	76 I	77 M	78 N	79 C	80 S		81 I	82 C	83 V	84 R	85 H	86 K
87 D	88 F		89 S	90 J		91 P	92 B	93 U	94 M	95 N		96 I	97 U		98 I	99 H
100Z		101R	102L	103M	104T	105B		106E	107G	108H	109N	110L	111Q		112U	113E
114O	115P	116X	117M	118G	119J		120I	121X	122U	123T	124H	125S	126Z		127C	128V
129E		130S	131V	132Z		133L	134W		135N	136Q	137H	138M	139J	140X		141O
142U	143G	144Q		145K	146X	147H	148Q	149Y		150I	151P	152D	153H	154V		155V
156I	157L		158H	159P	160N	161X	162C	163S	164T	165J		166F	167N	168Y	169H	170M
171V	172B	173D		174S	175G		176D	177J	178H		179X	180O	181Y		182D	183I
	184V	185O	186Y		187H	188V	189P	190U	191Y	192I	193N					

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For The Record

The poll-takers have sawed themselves off a limb again. Poll most favorable to Goldwater still gave Rockefeller a fat 9% edge in California. . . . War on poverty: hearing poor tenant family on Missy Lady Bird's land needed a new roof, Alabama YAFs and YRs came with paint, cement, hired roofers and Goldwater hats. Family declined offer, because house "will have to be worked up from the bottom"—served coffee to volunteers. . . . Meanwhile, Massa Lyndon, out inspecting potemkin poverty pockets, visited "poverty-stricken" Marlow family in North Carolina. The Marlows, before visit, hadn't known they were the poorest folks in the county. "The governor's man tried to make us look poorer than we are," Mrs. Marlow said. "He told me to be sure and have a washing on the line when the President came and also to be sure the children were barefooted." . . . Old socialist Norman Thomas, at Socialist Party convention in Chicago, said of Pres. Johnson: "I ought to rejoice and I do. I rub my eyes in amazement and surprise. His war on poverty is a socialistic approach and may be the No. 1 issue in the 1964 campaign." Thomas also called Goldwater "the greatest evil." . . . It's official: the ADA has formally endorsed Pres. Johnson.

The British Labor Party reaffirmed its pledge to nationalize nation's 10 leading steel companies if it gains power. . . . Ho-hum: Tokyo factory is allowing women workers two yawn breaks per hour. . . . Still busy: Communist-led "liberation front" terrorists in Venezuela. Most recent raid staged in downtown Caracas. . . . Thai Prime Minister Thanom Kittikachorn voiced astonishment at $131 million estate left by late PM Sarit Thanarat: "Where could so much money have come from? Nearly a third of the national budget!" . . . Woops, Erin faw down 'n go bragh: visiting Irish President Eamon De Valera was greeted in Washington with flags of the Ivory Coast. . . . The deal: U.S., USSR and Communist Hungary agree that Cardinal Mindszenty should leave U.S. legation in Budapest, where he took asylum during Hungarian uprising; but how make him get out? Mindszenty, whose presence in legation is a protest against Red tyranny, doesn't want to go. Solution: assign problem to James Donovan, noted spy-trader and ransom specialist.

London Daily Mail—Ben Roth Agency

"Now then, young man, when I had that trouble..."

Reports are that Bobby Kennedy has decided not to go for V-P. Cracked financial analyst Eliot Janeway: "In arbitrage terms, the word is, Sell Dictaphone, Buy Telephone." . . . United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther said to favor SecDef McNamara for Veepcy; other labor leaders appalled. . . . Article by retired Lt. Gen. Garrison Davidson deploring muzzling of the military not permitted by Army to appear in official journal, now published in unofficial military organ. . . . Insiders feel intervention of national Goldwater staff, & better PR firm, secured victory in California. . . . TV Cable, ordered by the FCC to black out its transmissions to Austin (where the First Lady's TV station has a lucrative monopoly), is taking its case to the U.S. Court of Appeals. . . . Summation of Warren Commission hearings, including thesis that third bullet missed, due soon.

Yah, yah, yah: now it's Joji Oka, Jira Ichikawa, Makoto Sudo and Takashi Saito: the Japanese Beatles (natch).

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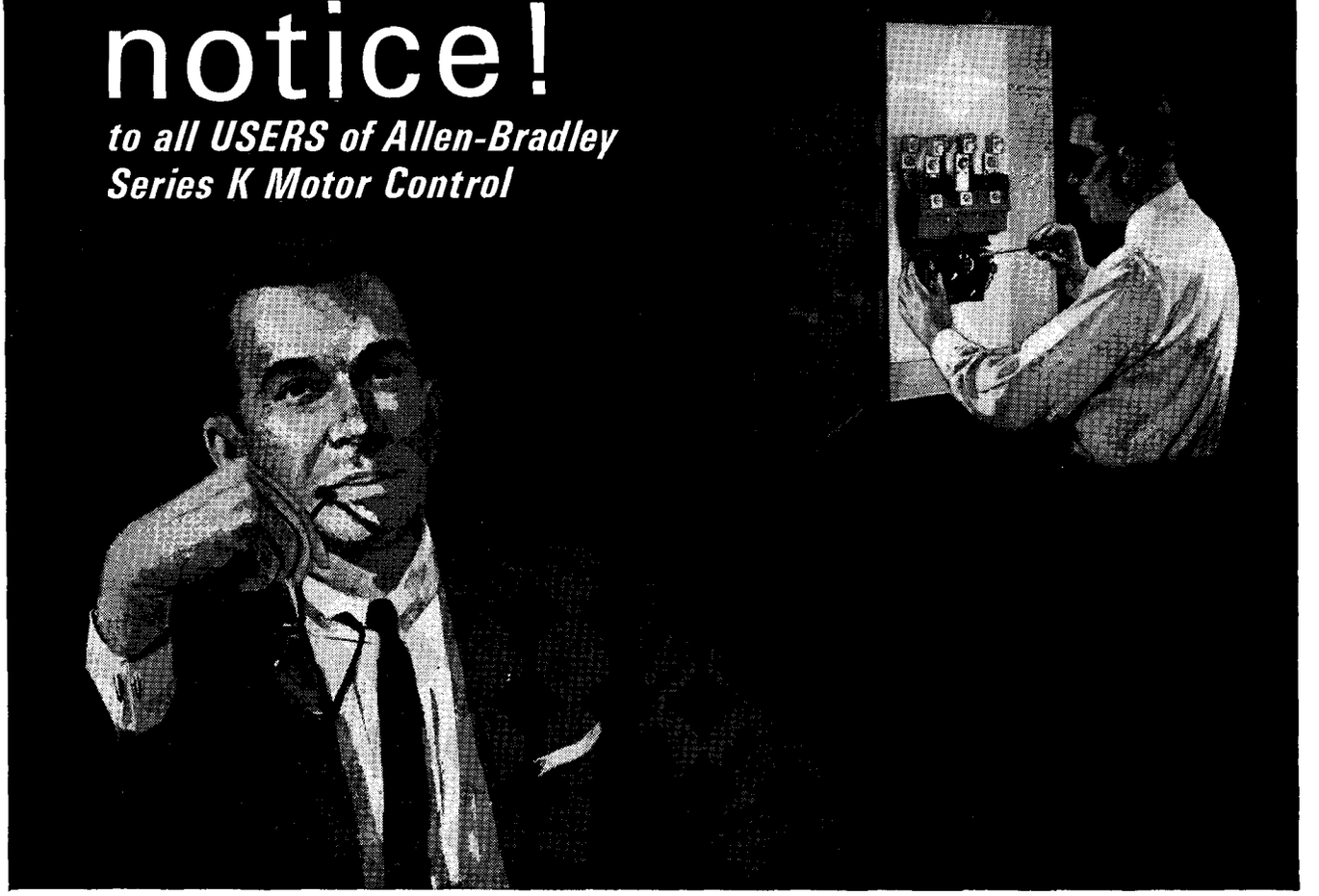
notice!

to all USERS of Allen-Bradley Series K Motor Control



our apologies!

We have overrated the importance of "the Blindfold Test" for all USERS of our Series K Motor Control!

■ Designing the Allen-Bradley Series K motor control so that the coils in all ratings could be replaced in less than 5 minutes—even though the electrician was blindfolded—was *not* a mistake! Our designers could not foretell just how perfectly the coil engineers would do their job.

YOU do not have to believe this, but—*from the production of all ratings of Series K control since it was placed on the market almost 3 years ago, only 5 bona fide coil failures have been brought to Allen-Bradley's attention.* In such large volume production it can be assumed that the contactor and starter coils encountered that wide variety of operating conditions under which the Series K control is expected to function satisfactorily. In view of these field experiences, it seems to us that for all practical considerations Allen-Bradley Series K coils are trouble free.

We want the users of our Series K control not only to share this belief with us, but—to benefit from this "plus value" built into all Allen-Bradley Series K control—at no extra cost. Consequently, Allen-Bradley will exchange—without charge—any Series K coil, irrespective of its age, which failed while operating under its nameplate specifications. Of course, mechanical damage or having used the coil on some other than its rated voltage voids this offer.

By the way, the almost instant coil change common to all Series K starters will continue to benefit all OEM customers, Allen-Bradley appointed distributors, all types of contractors, etc., where need for changing coils to adapt starters in stock for the required voltage is virtually a daily exercise.

Let your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor acquaint you with the other "plus features" which you obtain when you buy the A-B Series K line of motor control. Or please write for Publication 6100: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

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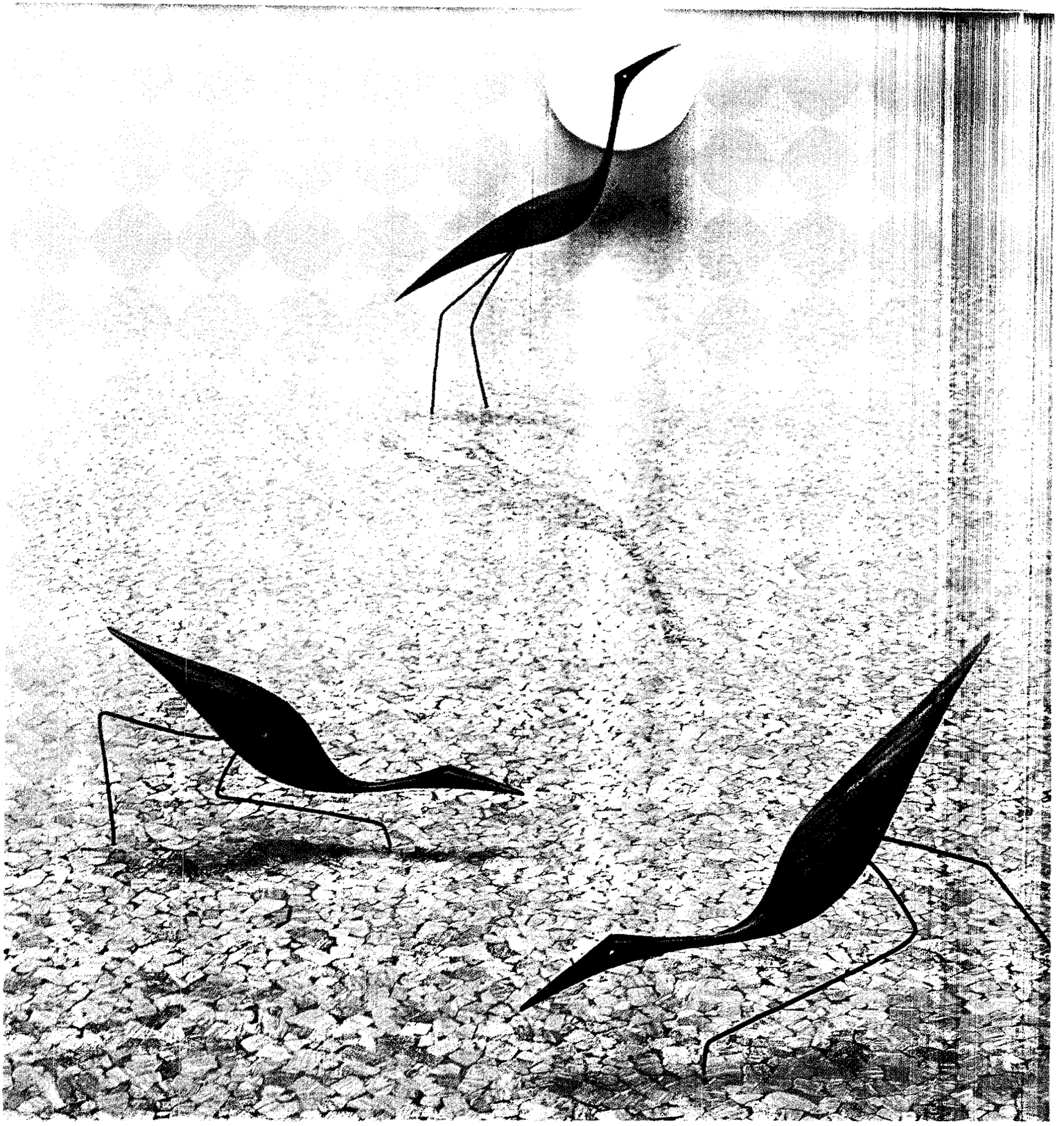

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The natural habitat of the Montina Vinyl Floorbird is a Montina Vinyl Corlon Floor.

On locating it, the Floorbird becomes fascinated by Montina's multitude of small, stone-like vinyl chips.

Now a strange ritual begins. The Floorbird does a silent, stately stalk, head held low. This is a prolonged search for what, to him, is the Ideal Chip.

When the Ideal Chip is found, the Floorbird summons his fellow birds. He draws his talon across the pebbly surface of the Montina, making a "tictictic" sound.

Hearing this, other Floorbirds approach reverently. They become transfixed by the Ideal Chip, gazing into the depths of the translucent vinyl surrounding it.

Soon, the oldest Floorbird present raises its head, to appraise the nearly seamless expanse of Montina.

At this, the other birds look up, and, silently, fly away. No one has ever seen them do this.

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